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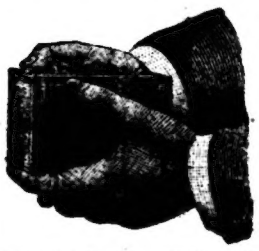

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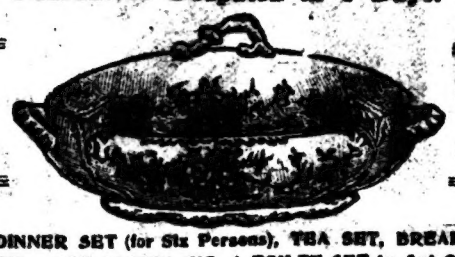

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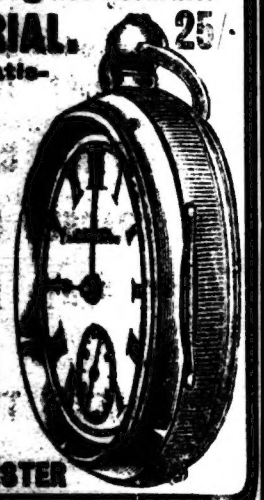

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SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO.

Two ministers in the north-east of Scotland met one day, when the following conversation took place:

"Last Sunday," remarked one, "only three folk cam' to my kirk, and, as it was an awfu' cauld, stormy, snawy day, I took them over to the manse, read a chapter o' the Bible, gied them a prayer, and then a guid stiff glass of the best whisky."

"Weel, weel," replied the other, who was a keen observer of human nature, "ye will hae a fine congregation the next stormy day."

OWNER OF THE HOUSE: "Here, what are you throwing nails at that dog for? Why do you waste things that way?"

Carpenter: "Oh! I ain't wasting 'em. Don't you fret! You'll find them all in your bill."

"MABEL, dear Mabel," said the young man in passionate tones, "do you think you could learn to love me?"

"I don't know, George," said Mabel, thoughtfully, "but I'm willing to apply myself studiously for the next few weeks and see."

BEFORE—AND AFTER.

"You will come to our bazaar to-morrow evening, Mr. Sampson, of course," she said with a bewitching smile; "and you must bring lots of money with you."

Mr. Sampson was so overcome by the smile that he was on his knees before he knew it, and presently everything was as it should be.

"George, dear," the girl said later on, and she said it thoughtfully, "perhaps it will be as well for you not to bring too much money to-morrow evening. We ought both to practise economy now, you know."

MISS FUSSANFEATHER: "There's my friend, Mrs. Hillier. She moves in the best society."

Mrs. Yeast: "Yes; I suppose she finds it cheaper to move than to pay rent."

MR. CRUSTY: "Mary, I don't approve of kissing, as a rule; but if that young Cowley's going to spend an hour every evening begging 'just one,' why, for goodness' sake, give it to him!"

THE ALBATROSS DOES THE CAKE WALK.

IN the Leeward Islands there are large numbers of a particular branch of the albatross family; these birds habitually perform, with great solemnity and regularity, a kind of cake walk.

Two birds step up to one another, and the first bows profoundly to the second; then the second takes up the bowing, and after that they bow alternately. They circle round each other, still bowing; this is kept up for a minute or so, and after that comes a little fencing with the bills, but all in perfect good temper.

The second bird stands still at the conclusion of this sparring, while the first stands on tip-toe, puffs out its breast, raises its bill as high in the air as it can, and utters a groan that sounds like the "moo" of a cow. While the sound lasts, the second bird snaps its bill rhythmically.

Sometimes the first will pick up a twig and offer it to the other, but the second refuses the offering, and, in turn, does the same thing. After this, the game begins again with the variation that the *rôles* are reversed.

The albatross is a most polite bird, and it has often been demonstrated that if a human being bows to it, the salutation is returned unfailingly by the bird.

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LITTLE WHITE LILY.

Telling of What a Flower May Do.

Little white lily, afloat on the stream,
Open your tender heart, wake from your dream;
Lift up your face to the kiss of the sun,
Wake and rejoice that the winter is done!
Though you are tiny and humble and frail,
Live and be happy, and fear not the gale;
Little white lily, though soon you must fade,
He loveth all things, Who all of us made!

Little white lily, there's given unto you,
Something to live for and something to do;
If to one heart you bring, seeing you there,
Thoughts of the Hand that created you fair!
If you lift one soul from earth for a space,
'Twas for that Heav'n gave you beauty and grace;
Little white lily, although you are small,
You are His servant, Who fashioned us all!

EASILY ALTERED.

"FRANKLY, madam," said the honest salesman, "I wouldn't advise you to take that gown."

"Why not?" asked the woman.

"It doesn't match your complexion," he explained.

"Oh, well," she replied carelessly, "I can change the complexion."

THINKING OF HIMSELF.

HE was trying to raise money to build a new church. It was greatly needed; but his congregation was made up of persons in moderate circumstances; so he was making appeal to his wealthy brethren in other towns.

"I am surprised," he sadly said, "at the lukewarmness of the rich men and women I have talked with on the subject. Here is an opportunity to advance the interests of our denomination, and they are so absorbed in their worldly affairs that they hardly give it thought."

"When you go to Birmingham," replied his friend, "you had better call on Mr. Blank. He is rich and childless, and has a reputation for great liberality."

"Oh, I don't think he will give anything. I won't mention the matter to him. He has been giving away money all his life, and I think he ought to save what he has left for his nephews and nieces."

The speaker was one of the nephews.

CUSTOMER (getting measured): "How much are those trousers going to cost me?"

Tailor: "Forty-two shillings, sir. How many pockets do you want in them?"

Customer: "None. I sha'n't need any pockets after I've paid for the trousers."

PA: "What would you like to be when you grow up, Johnny?"

Johnny: "I think I'll be a soldier."

"You might be killed."

"Who by?"

"By the enemy, of course."

"Well, then, I think I had better be the enemy."

YOUNG WIFE (sobbing): "I will not be quiet! Before we were married you said I had a charming flow of language."

Young Husband: "And so you have, dear. It not only flows but dashes, leaps, bounds, roars, goes over cataracts and mill-sluices, and there is an occasional water-spout as well."

ALMOST AS GOOD.

"JOHN, I am afraid we can't go to the theatre any more."

"No, I'm afraid we can't; money is getting so short."

"I shall miss it dreadfully."

"So shall I."

"What shall we do?"

"I have it. We'll hang your big hat on the back of baby's chair, and sit and look at it."

MRS. JOGGINS: "Good gracious! They make carriage wheels out of paper? The idea! Paper wheels!"

Joggins: "That's nothing. They have stationary engines, too."

DENTS: "What was that remark Miss Artman made about Howlett's singing?"

Lents: "She said she 'admired his technique.'"

Dents: "Was that it? What is 'technique,' anyway? French for 'nerve'?"

WOULD NEED THEM.

"No, I don't want anything fancy," said the customer, who was looking for something suitable for a present for her husband. "Christmas is over. What I want this time is some article that will be of practical use to him."

"How would a smoking jacket do, ma'am?" asked the salesman.

"He has two already."

"What does he smoke—cigars or a pipe?"

"He smokes a pipe."

"Then let me suggest, ma'am, that you buy a case containing 144 boxes of matches."

MISS SPOONER (as they were saying good night in the doorway): "You are the light of my life."

Her Father: "Put out the light, Helen, and come to bed."

The "light" went out.

"JACK and I had such a disappointment."

"Really."

"Yes. We went on our honeymoon, and there wasn't any moon at all! We just had to sit up and gaze at an electric light, and it took all the poetry away."

BOTH HANDS MUST BE USED.

OUR wideawake German friends recognise that being able to do things with both hands is a useful accomplishment, and in all the technical schools the students have to practise working with both hands.

Take a man who has to saw by hand. You will see him with his right knee on the plank and the saw in the right hand; he becomes tired in the corresponding arm, and accordingly shifts his position and goes on sawing with his left hand, because the left arm is quite fresh. Planing and very many other kinds of work, hitherto carried out by means of the right hand and arm, are performed quite as well with the left. In some cases, this facility enables a man to double his output.

Years ago, the clerk who knew stenography possessed a qualification which gave him precedence and a higher salary, but, at the present time, it may fairly be said that it is a necessity, and his chance of earning a living without it, is not a good one.

In the same way, the struggle in the labour market will bring about the use of both hands. In some trades the output can be increased by using both hands at once; the acute man will acquire this ambidexterity in order to gain an advantage, and in time the qualification will become common, and it will be a necessity instead of an advantage.

The second number of THE RAPID REVIEW—the new magazine of current events and literature—is now on sale. Sixpence everywhere.

Trapped!

By WALTER J. HOWBRAY.

It was growing dusk as Sissie Somers halted at a stile in the broad green meadows, and, taking off her hat, idly swung it to and fro in the warm June air.

From time to time her eyes wandered out over the wide sweep of meadow land to the village beyond, as though she were expecting someone. Since her engagement, a week before, to Ernest Raeburn, the stile in the cool green meadows had been their trysting-place.

Ernest Raeburn had always admired the healthy, vigorous beauty and innocent freshness of the golden-haired "Lancashire lass," whose blue eyes had wrought such havoc in his heart. And now he had pleaded his cause, and had learnt, from Sissie's own rosy lips, that she, too, had opened her heart to the tender influences of love—and—for him!

There is, perhaps, no earthly joy to equal that which comes with the first blissful realisation of mutual love, so Sissie Somers and Ernest Raeburn were happy—happier than either could have expressed.

They were simple folks—these two—but the lowly have hearts as well as the rich, and love comes equally to all. There was only one "rift in the lute," so far, at least, as Sissie was concerned. There was another man—Reuben Harmer by name—who had, for some months past, paid her marked attention. She did not like the man. He was not popular in the village, being of a morose and sullen disposition, and the girl instinctively shrank from him.

His very attentions—though of a loving nature—were coarse and almost impudent, and, whenever the girl repulsed him, there was an ugly flash in his dark eyes which made her distrust him the more. He and Ernest Raeburn were employed in the same mine, and the two men were therefore known to each other.

Yet in spite of this, and from a natural desire to avoid a quarrel, she had not told her lover of Reuben Harmer's unpleasant attentions, being more than convinced as to her ability for taking care of herself.

Besides, Ernest and she had other and more important things to talk about now, and it was of these that she thought as she stood leaning against the stile in the gathering dusk, and waited for her lover.

Presently she saw a figure approaching her. He came from the direction of the village, behind which the great black collieries of the district lay like a blot on the fair face of Nature.

She strained her eyes to catch a glimpse of the approaching figure. The step was not her lover's—that she knew—and her first impulse was to step aside to avoid notice. But the man had reached the stile before she had had time to carry out this intention, and, looking quickly up, she recognised the dark, scowling features of Reuben Harmer. It was evident that he, too, had seen the girl, for, after leisurely mounting the stile and descending to the side upon which she stood, he stopped abruptly and confronted her.

"So!" he said with a forced smile. "I thought I should find you here! It is fortunate you favour one spot more than another, since it enables me to find you so easily."

Sissie drew back a step and eyed him distrustfully.

"What is it you want with me, Mr. Harmer?" she said coldly, while she straightened herself with almost a warning gesture.

"That question can be answered in a very few words," said Reuben, coming a step nearer the girl. "I am not a man to mince matters, nor to pay pretty but purposeless compliments. I am rough and have little in common with the men among whom I work. But I am a man for all that, and have a man's longings, a man's desires, and a man's heart. And I want you, Sissie Somers, to be my wife!"

There was little in the man's words to make the girl recoil, but the tone in which they were uttered, together with the fierce, almost defiant, gleam in the dark eyes, caused her to glance uneasily over the darkening meadows in the hope of seeing her stalwart lover. But there was no sign of his coming, and Reuben uttered a low laugh.

"Ah!" he said jeeringly. "I am afraid it is not I for whom you were waiting so patiently. But you must wait a little longer, and, in the meantime, I want an answer to my question."

"The best answer I can make," said Sissie, pulling herself together bravely, "is that I am already engaged to Mr. Raeburn."

The man's face grew white with passion.

"Ah!" he said savagely. "So, it's come to that, has it? Well, if you prefer him, have him—if—if you can get him!" And, with a ringing mocking laugh that made the girl's blood run cold within her, Reuben Harmer turned on his heel and strode rapidly across the darkening meadows and away from the village.

Sissie drew a sigh of relief when she heard his footsteps die away in the distance. But she could not help a feeling of vague alarm at the sinister significance of the man's words. What did he mean? "If she could get him!" Could he prevent it? And, if so, how? There was only one way, and that way was by treachery. But, villain as he was, could he lend himself to such a thing? She thought it hardly probable.

Should she tell Ernest when he came? If Reuben meant mischief, it was imperative that she should warn her lover, so that he might be prepared, should any danger threaten him. But was this likely?

The night was very peaceful, and its influence soothed the girl. It was only an idle threat! He could not have what he wanted, and so, out of spite, he had tried to alarm her and make her unhappy.

But she would not be unhappy! The glory of the night calmed the momentary fear at her heart, and she grew very quiet.

Not a leaf stirred, for the wind was dropping, and a soft, indescribable hush lay on the dark meadows around her. Rest was everywhere, and she, too, must yield to the all-prevailing influence of the still summer night.

No! She would not tell her lover, for, on such a night as this, no theme but love must disturb the hallowed hush which lay upon the sleeping earth. And, after all, the man only meant to frighten her.

A step sounded on the opposite side of the stile, and a man's voice said:

"Sissie!"

"Ernie!" she said with a glad cry.

The man mounted the stile, and, descending again, took the girl in his arms.

"I'm so sorry to be late," he said. "Something went wrong with the cage at the pit's head, and I had to stop to put it right."

The girl leant her head upon his shoulder.

"It does not matter," she said, "so long as you have come at last!"

The man drew her closer to him.

"Ah!" he said earnestly. "I am not worthy the love you give me, darling! Yet I am striving to be worthy of it, for the love of a good woman is the best gift the world has to offer. I am but a plain man, dearest, with little to offer you, except a man's true love, an honest name that has never been called into question, and a humble—yes, a very humble—home."

The girl looked up with radiant eyes.

"If all women had as much," she said softly, "there would be few tears in the world."

The man smiled.

"Ah!" he said. "We are as yet young. The old could tell us of many sorrows which neither the deepest love nor the strictest honour nor the happiest home could banish!"

"So be it!" said the girl earnestly, almost reverently. "And if they come to us, we can meet them, and bear them, and finally triumph over them, rejoicing the more because of the love, the honour, and the home, which give us strength to do so, and learning a deeper, fuller sympathy because of their coming."

The man lifted his hat reverently.

"God grant we may always meet sorrow like that!" he said.

There was silence for a while—a silence more eloquent than speech, while the stars came out overhead and the rising moon glowed between the tall, silent trees, casting long bars of silver light across the dark green meadow. Then they began again to talk—but always of love, and of themselves.

And when the moon rose up above the tall tree-tops, the lovers remounted the stile and returned slowly to the peaceful little village. It was growing late, and the lights were fast disappearing in the cottage windows.

A kiss in the shadow of the darkened porch and Sissie Somers entered her home, with scarcely a remembrance of her encounter with Reuben Harmer. For love had banished what fears remained in her heart under the soothing influence of the summer night, and she was happy.

* * * *

Deep down in the mine the men were at work, hewing from the black heart of the earth its long-concealed wealth of glittering coal.

In tunnel and shaft and gallery the twinkling lights of the grimy workers threw strange, fantastic shadows on the dark and gloomy walls, while the distant rumble of laden trucks echoed unceasingly through the subterranean blackness of the mine.

Here and there the sharp stroke of a miner's pick was to be heard, and the thud, thud, of the coal as, loosened from its pre-historic setting, it crashed to the rugged floor of the narrow galleries.

Ernest Raeburn and Reuben Harmer were at work, though in different quarters of the mine. They were miners like the rest, but both had been recently appointed to the control of the two gangs of men, working in different parts of the mine, who constituted the combined strength of the colliery.

It was the duty of each man to inspect the tunnelling operations of the rest and report thereon, chiefly with a view to preventing any collapse in the numberless tunnels of the mine, and the consequent risk to life and limb.

The part of the mine in which Ernest Raeburn was at work was somewhat higher than that allotted to his rival, but, in order to reach the main shaft of the mine, where access to the upper air was obtainable, it was necessary to first descend to Reuben Harmer's part of the mine, and thence to the swinging cage which took him up to the surface of the earth.

On the higher level the work was proceeding with its customary monotony. From time to time the voice of Ernest Raeburn could be heard directing the men in their operations. The trucks rumbled past, accompanied by the clatter of the hoofs of the sturdy mules which propelled them through the winding tunnels.

Some of the men were crouched in unnatural and painful positions, in order to burrow still further into the earth's heart, and their breath came in long, laboured gasps.

Others, more happily stationed, sang snatches of songs that echoed with weird effect through the dark caverns in which they toiled. Everything was progressing well, and the mine was yielding an output which was gratifying to everyone concerned.

But on the lower level, leading from the main shaft, there were indications of disturbance among the miners. It was clear by their evident excitement that something unusual and unforeseen had occurred. There was almost an expression of fear on the face of Reuben Harmer, which all the grime of the mine failed entirely to conceal.

With hasty steps he went to the main shaft, and, entering the cage, signalled to be drawn up. Once there, he sent a messenger with all speed to the superintendent, who was promptly on the scene.

Together they descended the shaft into the mine below, and, making their way through passage after passage, stopped at last in a narrow gallery, which had just been cut in the thick seam of coal. Reuben Harmer held the light above his head and pointed with his finger to one side of the narrow gallery. A perceptible moisture stood upon the wall, where the drops ran one into another and trickled slowly to the floor.

An exclamation of annoyance passed the superintendent's lips, as, approaching the wall, he began to tap gently with a small hammer in all directions. For fully twenty minutes he continued this task, and when he had finished, he uttered a sigh of relief.

"It will hold," he said. "But, for God's sake, let no man put his pick to that wall, or you are all dead men. It is quite safe so long as it remains untouched. I will come down each day to examine it, and you may rest assured that, should there be the smallest possibility of collapse, I will give you all timely warning to abandon the mine. The men know me, and they know they can trust me."

Reuben Harmer nodded.

"It's the old flooded mine, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes," responded the superintendent. "You have gone too near it by a long way. Another five or six feet and you would have had the water from the old abandoned shaft pouring in here and drowning you all like rats. I warned you some time ago that you were getting very near the old ground. It was bad enough there, when the spring was struck and the mine flooded, but this would be ten times worse, for, if this wall fell in, there would be little chance of escape."

So the work went on—not without some hesitation on the part of the men—and the newly-cut gallery was forsaken. But all through the day Reuben Harmer's thoughts were busy, not with his work, but with a strange, wild plan of revenge which had come to him.

Since his last meeting with Sissie Somers by the stile in the meadow he had been filled with bitter and relentless hatred against the man who stood in the way of his love. Day and night he dwelt with savage impotence on his rival's success and his own discomfiture. And all his thinking, from whichever point he started, led him to but one result, one hope, one resolve—revenge!

For days he had been casting about for some way by which this might be effected, but could find none. And now chance had thrown in his path the very thing for which he sought.

It had come to him in a flash as he stood with the superintendent in the dark gallery of the mine and looked at the damp wall, behind which thousands of tons of dark water lay ready to burst in upon them with resistless might.

"Let no man put his pick to that wall!" he had said, "or you are all dead men!" and Reuben Harmer remembered the words with a sinister significance, while a light blazed up in his dark eyes and a muttered oath escaped his lips.

All through that day and the next matters went on as usual. The wall held good, and there was no danger—so said the superintendent. But he little knew what terrible danger lurked in that dark mine for one at least of the miners in the higher level.

At the first indication of possible peril the superintendent had ordered a cutting to be made from the high level through to the main shaft, so that, in the event of possible danger, the men there employed might reach the upper air by means of the cage, without having first to descend and pass through the lower level. But this work, though in rapid progress, was not yet completed. So, whatever Reuben Harmer had to do, must be done without delay.

The day passed slowly away and night came. Five minutes before the usual time he gave the signal for work to be discontinued, and the men, weary with the exertions of the day, threw down their tools and crowded to the cage and were drawn up into the upper air.

Then came the men from the higher level, who also ascended the great shaft, and none but Ernest Raeburn and Reuben Harmer remained in the mine. It was the duty of both men when the miners had left the great colliery for the night, to walk through the various cuttings and tunnels and galleries in their respective quarters of the mine and see that all was right.

This took from fifteen to twenty minutes, and Reuben Harmer knew that at least fifteen minutes must elapse before his rival passed through the lower level on his way to the cage. Could he do his work in so short a time? He thought so.

The miners had all reached the surface, and he listened to hear the descending cage as it came down for Ernest Raeburn and himself. Presently he caught the sound, and, waiting no longer, he grasped a pick, and, rushing into the abandoned gallery, struck with all his force the wet, slimy wall at his side.

A thin stream of water began to spurt from the black coal seam, and again he struck. The aperture widened, and the water drenched him as it gushed through. But he was not yet satisfied. Again and again he struck the wall, till, with a mighty roar, the waters burst through and swept him down the gallery.

On he went, staggering through the seething waters that swirled and raced past him in a mad whirl of freedom, till, panting and breathless, he reached the great cage, and, with trembling fingers, signalled to be drawn up.

As the cage began to move he looked down into the fast-rising waters, and uttered a wild, mirthless laugh as he saw that his rival's retreat was even now effectually cut off. Many of the miners had not yet dispersed when he reached the level of the ground, and he quickly acquainted them with the flooding of the mine and his fears for the life of Ernest Raeburn, whom, he said, he had been compelled to leave unrescued in order to save himself.

Some of the men regarded him with suspicion, for his feeling towards Ernest Raeburn was an open secret amongst them. But he appeared not to notice it, and went off to acquaint the superintendent with the disaster.

And all this time Ernest Raeburn was in the flooded mine. He had just completed his tour of inspection when the distant roar and the rush of the water in the lower level reached his ear.

Rapidly descending the narrow galleries, he was soon stopped by the fast-rising flood, which cut off his retreat to the main shaft of the mine.

He could not go on—he could not even remain where he was, for the waters were rising higher and higher each instant—and he was forced back to the higher level. But could he remain there? He feared not, for he knew only too well the awful depth of the water that had lain for years in the old flooded mine.

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Up, up he went, the water relentlessly following him, till he had almost reached the highest gallery in the great mine. Then he noticed that the oncoming flood rose less swiftly, and a faint ray of hope shot through him.

Pausing a moment, he possessed himself of two safety lamps, a can of oil, and a couple of picks. These he carried to the next gallery, where the cutting had been commenced in the direction of the main shaft. Oh, if only this had been completed! Then his escape might have been easy.

But now almost a hundred feet of solid black coal separated him from the main shaft, and his heart sank as he thought of the almost hopelessness of the task before him. But, with a brave heart, he put his fears that haunted him resolutely in the background, and began his work of self-rescue.

Hour after hour slipped by, while he worked with desperate strength to hew down the great black barrier that separated him from life, and hope, and love. At the sharp strokes of the pick the huge masses fell about him in all directions.

The débris was fast becoming a hindrance to his progress, and, far behind him, he could see, in the faint glimmer of his safety lamp, that the cruel black water was slowly creeping up the gallery in which he stood.

With a sudden resolution he carried the loosened coal masses some thirty feet behind him, and piled them up to stay the oncoming flood. Then again returning to his work on the solid wall before him, he cut yet deeper into the mass, carrying, as he proceeded, all the displaced coal to build up the barrier which was to keep the water back.

Higher and higher grew the wall, till he saw with satisfaction that it securely kept him in safety. But for how long? The stench from the water was almost overpowering, and the air was scarce and fœtid.

At times he grew dizzy at his work, and sank down exhausted on the hard ground beneath him. But each time he struggled to his feet, and, with a supreme effort, resumed his terrible task.

All through that night he laboured on, and, in the morning, to his unspeakable relief, he heard the faint sound of picks on the opposite side of his prison wall.

Instantly the truth flashed through him that the miners, descending the shaft in the cage to the surface of the water, had heard the sound of his operations and, guessing his position, had commenced to cut away the side of the shaft from the cage in which they hung.

With a fervent "Thank God!" he put forth all his remaining strength, and sent the sharp point of his short pick deep into the splintering coal.

Louder and yet louder grew the sounds on the other side, till presently he caught the voices of the miners shouting to him to keep up heart. They had the advantage of him, for they had now so far cut into the wall as to afford them foothold, and the cage being drawn upwards some ten or twelve feet, they were able to cast their débris into the black waters beneath them.

Hour after hour went by, till at last, with a great shout, the wall broke down, and Ernest Raeburn, pale and exhausted, staggered over the great masses of coal and stood in the midst of his anxious comrades. Hearty was the grip they gave him, and many a rugged, grime-stained face was wet with tears as, with thankful hearts, they thanked God for his deliverance.

They bore him to the upper air. Sissie Somers was there, and her heart swelled within her as she saw her lover, weak and worn it is true, but safe and sound. She walked by his side as he went slowly home. But neither spoke a word to the other, for their hearts were too full.

A day or two's rest sufficed to put Ernest Raeburn on his feet again, as strong and healthy and self-reliant as of yore. But the mine had to be abandoned, and again a new shaft was begun, where Ernest Raeburn resumed his old post of working overseer. But Reuben Harmer disappeared from the district, and was never again seen by the miners with whom he had formerly been associated.

It is probable he would not have taken this step, but for one unlooked-for circumstance. Dark hints had reached the ear of the Mining Superintendent, and, being disturbed and in doubt as to the cause of the catastrophe which had so nearly cost Ernest Raeburn his life, he had sent a skilled diver into the now abandoned mine to investigate.

When the diver returned he carried a miner's pick in his hand, which bore the initials "R. H.," and which he said he had found, lying on the ground, by the side of the gap in the wall of the forbidden gallery.

So Reuben Harmer, fearful lest the miners should take summary vengeance on him, fled from the neighbourhood and was seen no more. And Ernest Raeburn, restored to the girl who loved him above all else, soon took her to the quiet little village church, and the bells rang a joyous peal over their new-found happiness.

DUMLEY: "Smith is an awful coward; why, he's afraid of his own shadow."

LUMLY: "I don't wonder at it—if his shadow looks anything like the original!"

CLARENCE: "I'm going to ask old Jones for his daughter's hand. What's a good way to begin?"

Candid Friend: "Oh! Spring a few other jokes on him first, and see how he takes them."

MRS. A: "Who on earth is Miss Jenkins in mourning for that she dresses perpetually in black?"

MRS. B.: "Her husband."

MRS. A.: "Why, she never had one."

MRS. B.: "I mean the one she has sought for all her life and never found."

"I SUPPOSE," said the chemist, "that the secret of transmuting the baser metals into gold will never be discovered."

"Nonsense," answered the mining magnate, "I discovered that secret long ago. All you have to do is to choose your baser metal and then corner the market."

£500 IN HARD CASH.

Great Letter Juggling Contest.

FIRST PRIZE, £250 SECOND PRIZE, £100 THIRD PRIZE, £50

AND 100 PRIZES OF £1 EACH.

The conditions under which these prizes may be won appeared in "Pearson's Weekly" dated March 17th, and will appear again before the Competition closes.

Below you will find twelve sets of letters, numbered from 97 to 108. In regard to each set, what you have to do is to find the longest word entirely composed of the letters in that set, *not necessarily using all the letters, and not using any letter more times than it appears.* In each case, you must write (in ink), in the space left for that purpose, the longest word you can make. The word containing the greatest number of letters will be the correct solution. If two or more such words of the same length can be made from a set of letters it is only necessary to put down one of these words, as any one of them will be counted correct. Only one word may be written on each line. When you have filled up the list, cut it out and keep it by you.

Only those words found in heavy type in Nuttall's Standard Dictionary (any Edition from 1901 to 1903), between pages 1 and 771 inclusive, will be allowed.

No inquiries regarding the Competition can be answered either personally or through the post If a point of sufficient general interest is raised it will be dealt with on the competition page, and will be regarded as a condition.

NINTH LIST.

Example:
EGGJLUZ: JUGGLE (The Z is here an unnecessary letter and is ignored).

97. ACITT .....
98. AEILMNR .....
99. DDEGNOU .....
100. EEFILMORST .....
101. ABGHMORU .....
102. ACDNORRW .....
103. AGIILPT .....
104. AGIOPSSY .....
105. AABCELP .....
106. IIORSTVWY .....
107. CEFHT .....
108. AADEGHNRY .....

Name..... Address.....

.....

The numbers containing the first eight lists may be obtained through any newsvender, or for 1s. post free from the Publisher, PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. The tenth list will appear next week.

WHEN IS A SHIRT A BONNET?

Ask the Excise—Who Will Also Tell You Why a Parasol is a Doll.

WHEN a man who had suddenly to proceed to Paris ordered half-a-dozen shirts from a London manufacturer the duty he had to pay for them at the French port was ten shillings and eightpence. The authorities classed the shirts as bonnets. There was no other heading under which they could go.

In Custom-house language a mummy is a fish. A mummy was recently sent from Peru to England, and when it landed upon these shores it became, for official purposes, a fish. The importation of such things is so rare that mummies have yet to be assigned a heading all to themselves on Custom-house documents, so the duty to be paid on them is the same as that for fish imported under certain conditions.

A pedigree dog is let in free by all nations, but a mongrel has to be paid for in the United States at the rate of twenty per cent. of his value. Very few people know that. Many have crossed the Atlantic with splendid dogs, and in order to get off cheaply when the revenue officers have appeared, have affected to treat their animals with the utmost disdain, pretending to be ashamed to be seen with such common creatures.

The officers, smiling to themselves, have listened to the statement that the dogs were only mongrels, and then exasperated the story-tellers by saying that "they were very sorry, but had the animals been pedigree dogs they would have been let in free."

Children's parasols pass the American customs as dolls, whilst the larger sort are passed through as toys. They are hardly umbrellas, and they are taken out by ladies more as toys than as serviceable articles.

There is a similarity between some of the headings and yet in detail a vast difference when each article is analysed by itself. Paste is paste, but paste for the hair and paste made of salmon or bloater are widely different, though, officially, no distinction is made. Paving-stones and hand-painted tiles go together.

All goods imported into any country except ours, in respect of many articles, are accompanied with a form showing the value of such goods, every item being shown. Edible eggs of all kinds are allowed in free everywhere, but bird-cages are subject to duty amounting to half the value shown on the declaration form.

Billiard balls in the square block are passed in free to most countries, but the finished article is levied with a tax amounting to exactly half the value. The idea is to stop their importation.

There is an apparent anomaly in the fact that while bird skins are passed through free, stuffed birds are liable to fifty per cent. duty, and this rule obtains widely everywhere.

Curious, too, is the fact that whilst plaster-of-paris is free from duty, statuary is subject in many countries to rather heavy duty, with the exception of France, where, though they call a shirt a bonnet, the authorities are content to recognise a statue as plaster-of-paris, if it is intended for exhibition.

There is a paper duty on foreign stamps in some European countries, and the United States, where duty is applied to sausage skins and fancy shell boxes. To show the patriotism of nations regalia is duty-free, but other kinds of personal decorations, following in the same trend, are loaded with a heavy tax, amounting to half the declared value. By regalia is meant some kingly decoration bestowed upon individuals.

Uncle Jonathan will allow any quantity of mother-of-pearl to pass through his customs free, but pearl buttons are taxed with fifty per cent. duty.

MINISTER (to widow): "I hope the dear departed was prepared to die?"

Widow: "Oh, yes; he was insured in three good companies."

"How long shall I boil the eggs, ma'am?" asked the cook.

"I don't exactly know," replied the young house wife, "but cook them until they are quite tender."

MAUD: "George told me last night that he was madly in love with me."

Ethel: "Poor fellow, perhaps he is. I've heard that insanity runs in his family."

BASHFUL JOHN: "Sallie, if I was to ask you if you'd marry me, do you think you'd say 'Yes'?"

Sallie: "I—er—I think so."

John: "Well, if ever I get over this 'ere bashfulness I'll ask you one o' these times."

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QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

HOW BONES GROW.

How are Bones Formed? (6932.)

Bone, in its earliest stages called temporary cartilage, has fibrous tissue as its primary foundation. The chief uses of bones are to protect delicate organs, and to form a framework for the body, by which, in combination with the muscles, the body is moved.

As growth advances stronger mechanical support becomes necessary, and, as scaffolding is gradually removed in the course of building, so each part of the soft cartilage is cleared away piece by piece, at first by the absorption of its central part, and then by the deposit of a few particles of bony matter to take its place.

The arteries next enlarge, and deposit granules of calcareous phosphate, which are laid down, particle by particle, in regular lines, so as to form continuous fibres, which cross-connect and unite from different centres and by definite laws.

Each distinct bone is thus formed from ossific or bone-forming centres, which unite by a natural affinity. Dr Roget has compared this process to the method by which a sculptor models first in plastic material the form to be expressed in marble.

BREAD FROM SAWDUST.

Can Bread be Made from Wood? (6933.)

As long ago as 1834 Professor Auterith, of Tubingen, succeeded in making a tolerably good quartern loaf out of a deal board. Everything soluble was removed by maceration and boiling, the wood was then reduced to fibres, dried in an oven, and ground, when it had the taste and smell of cornflour. A sponge was then made by the addition of water and the sour leaven of cornflour, and it was baked, and found to be better than a compound of bran and corn husks.

Wood-flour boiled in water forms also a nutritious jelly, which the Professor found both palatable and wholesome in the form of gruel, dumplings, and pancakes.

Professor Brande has also recorded the making of bread from woody fibre. He says: "Before me is a specimen imported from Sweden. Seeing the close relation between the composition of starch and lignine, the conversion of the latter into bread does not seem so remarkable." He also cannot praise the quality of such bread.

IS RHEUMATISM CATCHING?

Is Rheumatism Contagious? (6935.)

It is safer to say that rheumatism is infectious, and may be epidemic, than to call it a contagious disease.

Rheumatic fever is not considered in the same light as muscular rheumatism, and modern observation of bacteriological research has shown that it has much in common with acute infectious fevers. It now stands, in fact, on the borderland, with pneumonia, between the group of inflammatory affections of the tissues due to chill and the group of infectious fevers.

Some maintain that rheumatic fever is due to a specific micro-organism which first attacks the tonsils with its poisonous powers and which probably has its habitat in the soil. The fact that it is often a house disease, as well as epidemic in character, as Newsholme shows with fair regularity of cycle, helps to establish this point, but up to the present the judgment of experts is suspended.

WHY FOAM IS WHITE.

Why is Foam White? (6936.)

When water is violently agitated small bubbles of air are mixed up with it, and thus foam is formed, and its whiteness is due to the fact that when light passes from one medium to another of a different refractive index, it is always reflected, and this reflection may be so often repeated as to render the mixture impervious to light.

It is then this frequency of the reflections of the limiting surfaces of air and water that renders foam opaque, and as each particle reflects light in all directions, so much light is reflected that the mixture appears white.

To a similar cause is due the whiteness of transparent bodies when crushed to powder. The separate particles transmit light freely, but the reflections at their surfaces are so numerous that the resulting effect is white. Thus glass when crushed is a white powder, and is opaque; but when it is put under water it once more becomes transparent, because the water fills up the interstices between the particles, and the reflections are destroyed. Salt and snow are also common examples of this condition.

HUMBUG.

What is the Derivation of the Word "Humbug"? (6937.)

The word "humbug" has been traced back to the title-page of "The Universal Jester, being a choice Collection of Merry Conceits, Bon-mots, and Humbugs, by Ferdinando Killigrew, London, 1735-40." The following are the most plausible and possible derivations:

In the time of James II. a worthless coin was minted at Dublin from a soft, mixed metal, which became known as *Uim bog*, pronounced *Oom-bug*, *i.e.*, soft copper, worthless money.

Some see in it a corruption of Hamburgh, from which town so many false reports came during the war, 1799-1806, that such news was received with "Oh, that is a Hamburgh!"

Others refer it to hum, in the sense of hoax, and bug, in the old sense of bugbear. Others say it is merely *hum buss* used in combination to signify sound without sense. Others, again, think that it was first applied to Homberg, a chemist and an ardent seeker of the philosopher's stone.

SCOT FREE.

What is the Origin of the Term "Scot Free"? (6939.)

Scot, from the Anglo-Saxon *scot*, a portion, signified in old law a customary tax or contribution laid on subjects according to their ability, and embraced all parochial assessments. The conclusion is obvious—namely, that to escape "scot free" was to avoid all such payments of dues and taxes.

Before the Reform Act the right to vote for Parliamentary and municipal officers was vested exclusively in payers of "Scot and lot." Rastall (1558) speaks of it as a certain tallage for the use of the sheriff, or his bailiff, and in Kent the usual rates paid in Romney Marsh for repairing sea walls are known by the same name.

"Scot," says Camden, "is that which from various sources is gathered into one heap"; literally that which is "shot" into a general fund, from the Dutch and Low German "schot." This may have come to us through the old French "escot," *dîner à escot*, to dine at an ordinary where each guest paid his "shot," and anyone who did not contribute would be said to get off "scot free."

PINS IN PARLIAMENT.

Has any Act of Parliament been Passed About Pins? (6942.)

Parliament has twice regulated the industry of pin-making by statute. On the first occasion, in 1483, at the commencement of the reign of Richard III., an Act was passed absolutely prohibiting the importation of pins. The object of this was to protect the native industry and aid in its development, for they had long been in high favour with the fair sex, who had pin-money to spend.

This law was very little regarded, since the imperfect Revenue system was unable to stop smuggling, and in 1540 Queen Catherine—the second of that name, and fourth wife of Henry VIII.—obtained a large supply of pins from Paris.

Three years afterwards these useful little toilet requisites again called for Parliamentary attention. The best pins were then made of brass, but very many of the pins sold as brass were made of iron wire blanched. It was to prevent this lucrative fraud that the Act of 1543 was passed. It provided also that "No person shall put to sale any pinnes, but only such as shall be double-headed, and have the heads soldered fast to the shank of the pinnes, well-smoothed, the shank well-shapen, the points well and round filed and sharpened."

THE MOTH AND THE CANDLE.

Why are Moths Attracted by a Flame? (6941.)

One of the simplest forms of sense-perception, and consequent movement, is to be found in the *amœba*, a mere gelatinous particle which is all stomach, and which, being stimulated by the presence of organic matter, flows or glides towards it, assimilates such portions as are useful for its own nutriment, and finally rejects the undigested residue.

This is a well-known example of an activity which denotes the stimulation of a centre, with consequent movement in the direction from which the stimulus proceeds. Higher in the scale, and in consonance with this inherited cell-training, the eyes of an infant follow the light, and are most attracted by brilliant colours.

That animals, birds, and insects also are largely influenced and attracted by bright colouring is shown by the brilliant hues which many of them assume at pairing time. The light of the female glow-worm is especially bright, and serves as an attraction to the male.

We are thus led on to understand how the poor moth, its optic centres being violently stimulated by brilliant light, and being thereby dazzled, stupefied, or hypnotised, should follow a blind, irresistible impulse which leads to its destruction, just as birds frequently dash themselves against the lanterns of light-houses, and are killed.

LIGHT AND WEIGHT.

Does Light Exert Pressure? (6949.)

The two theories of light which in recent times have received attention are the corpuscular, or emission, theory propounded by Sir Isaac Newton, and the undulatory theory of which Huyghens is the greatest exponent. By the former, the immediate cause of light is the rapid propagation of minute particles of extreme tenuity from the source of light, whose accumulated effect might be thought to be measurable.

Tyndall, in his "Notes on Light," shows that a very favourable experiment in this direction has given no result whatever. Millions of these particles, concentrated by lenses and mirrors, have been shot against a delicate balance suspended by a single spider's thread, which, though twisted 18,000 times, showed no tendency to untwist itself, and, therefore, was devoid of torsion—yet no motion due to the impact of the particles was, even in this crucial test, observed. Many other reasons have caused this theory now-a-days to be abandoned in favour of the undulatory theory of the vibration of the ether, by which no pressure is exerted.

A Thousand Curious Things Worth Knowing.

This is a carefully indexed selection of the most interesting and instructive information from the Replies which have appeared on this page. A valuable book of reference—containing 488 pages. At all railway bookstalls and booksellers for 1s., or post free for 1s. 2d. from the Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

QUESTIONS.

6931. What wood is most durable?
6932. Why is twelve called a dozen, and twenty a score?
6933. How is sunshine recorded?
6934. How are seashells formed?
6935. What animals are weather-prophets?
6936. What is the derivation of the word "tawdry"?
6937. Who first mapped out the sky?
6938. Do objects retain colour in the dark?
6939. How is slate-marble made?
6940. Can sugar be made from rags?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print a selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of £2 2s. a column for all matter printed. The same writer may send replies to any number of questions, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

SON: "What sweet satisfaction it is to have a friend you can trust."

HE: "And, oh, what a convenience it is to have a friend who will trust you."

INSURANCE AGENT: "Pardon me, madam, but what is your age?"

Miss Antique: "I have seen twenty-two summers."

Insurance Agent: "Yes, of course; but how many times did you see them?"

"DADDY," said the little boy, "what is a mathematician?"

"A mathematician, my son, is a man who can calculate the distance between the most remote stars, and who is liable to be swindled in changing a two-shilling piece."

"Who's your patient this morning, doctor?"

"Old Mrs. Brown."

"What is the matter with her?"

"Nothing. But she bought a family guide to medicine yesterday, and now she thinks she has everything in the book!"

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The second number of THE RAPID REVIEW—the new magazine of current events and literature—is now on sale. Sixpence everywhere.

Bankers who Sell Pills

Business "Ugly Ducklings" that have Grown up "Swans."

How a Bank became a Grocer's.

And how a Chemist's Shop Became a Bank.

THERE was once a wealthy and worthy alderman of London City, named Birch, who was inordinately fond of those old-time delicacies called maids-of-honour.

But he could buy them nowhere to his liking. So he started a tiny semi-private pastrycook's shop of his own, right opposite the Royal Exchange, and installed therein a manageress who knew the secret of making and baking them to perfection.

Nothing else was sold at first at this unique establishment, nor was outside custom greatly sought after.

But its fame spread. City men found it a convenient rendezvous. Great deals were negotiated there; great bargains concluded. Until, in the end, that little shop attained a reputation extending over the entire civilised world.

It is still in existence, and still retains its old-fashioned, unpretentious appearance. But its proprietors have probably provided more civic feasts than any other London firm, and its turnover is represented by hundreds of

thousands of pounds annually.

"Twining's," the famous tea emporium, was originally a bank. Its proprietor was a lover of the cup that cheers without inebriating, and used to keep a special brew for his friends and favoured customers in his private parlour.

From dispensing the beverage as an act of hospitality, he took to selling the leaf itself as an adjunct to his regular occupation, and in course of time the sales increased to such an extent as to completely overshadow the original business.

To this day, however, Twining's looks, both inside and out, far more like a bank than it does a tea grocer's.

Exactly the reverse process of evolution to that recorded above brought into existence the Chemical Bank of New York, one of the oldest and wealthiest establishments of its kind in America.

The company which owns it was originally called into existence in order to carry on the business of wholesale chemists and druggists. A charter was granted them by the State, and, in consideration of the boon the new enterprise was likely to be to the then infant city

banking privileges were added.

Very soon the directors discovered that there were possibilities of development on the banking lines not apparent in the sale of drugs. But they had to deal in the latter, in order to retain the right to carry on the former.

So to this day, in a corner of the bank's palatial premises on Broadway, a little shop is apportioned to a duly qualified chemist, who potters about mixing medicines.

He is not much troubled with business, but now and again a New York citizen will startle a stranger by taking him into the bank and calling for a pennyworth of pills—which is supplied.

There used to be a door—now closed—leading into the Stock Exchange from Hercules Passage, and here one day an itinerant street-vendor took his stand.

At first he sold all sorts of penny articles; but in a little while he came to confine his attention to those small, hard, green apples that are, and have always been, for some occult reason, beloved of City men in general and stockbrokers in particular.

Presently, growing bolder and more enterprising, he added other fruit in season to his stock, and also set up a small stall in a recess in the side of the doorway. And from this modest beginning sprang what is now one of the largest and most select fruiterer's

within the City boundaries.

Nearly fifty years ago a certain Dr. Dauglish patented a process for making what he called aerated bread.

But the bakers did not take kindly to the idea and persistently refused to sell the new-fangled loaves.

So an Aerated Bread Company was formed, with the object of opening depôts on its own account.

They were intended to be just ordinary bakers' shops. But it was soon found that the public also fought shy of the new bread, and, as a last resort, in order to accustom people to eating it, the loaves were cut in slices and buttered and sold at a low price with the adjunct of a cup of good tea.

Such was the modest beginning of the "A. B. C." shops, and their successors, the "B. T. T." establishments, the "Cabins," "Bungalows," and others. Aerated loaves are still sold therein, but that branch of the company's business is an altogether insignificant one compared with the serving of refreshments.

Nevertheless, it will be noted they are still called "shops," and never by any chance "restaurants" or "eating-houses."

The "Answers to Correspondents" column has always been a popular feature in a certain class of periodicals, which was, doubtless, the reason why, in 1888, a young and struggling journalist, named Alfred Harmsworth, thought it would be a good idea to start a paper which should be all questions and replies; the public to find the bulk of the "copy."

So, in due course, came into being ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. But it proved a very weakly and ill-favoured literary venture indeed, and the public did not take at all kindly to it.

Thereupon Mr. Harmsworth, who, as all the world now knows, was not a man to give in easily, dropped the last two words of the new journal's title, so that it became simply ANSWERS, and pushed it for all he was worth on entirely different lines.

The result was that the journalistic "ugly duckling" grew up into a very fine and very valuable journalistic "swan," and

fortune smiled upon its owner.

Between forty and fifty years ago a man, bearing the patronymic of Smith, started making and selling what he called "Christmas kisses."

They were simply small pieces of coloured tissue paper, fringed at the edges, and with a sweet and a love motto in the centre, and they were sold almost exclusively to children.

But one day Mr. Smith, whose Christian name, by-the-way, was Thomas, bethought him to tie one of his "kisses" at both ends and add a detonator; and, lo! there came into existence something quite new—the Christmas cracker.

Tom Smith has long gone the way of all flesh, but the vast business he created from these trifling beginnings still flourishes under the watchful supervision of his son and successor, Mr. Walter Smith, who turns out every year, from his factory in Finsbury, more than twelve million of the now universally popular comfits.

LOVE NEEDS NO DOWER.

The maiden that I wed must have
A dowry rich and rare;
For since I am myself so poor
The bargain must be fair.

Maybe you tilt your dainty nose
Upward in rich disdain:
"If 'tis my moneybags you seek,
Your suit will be in vain!"

But stay—the wealth that I desire
Is in the safe—your heart.
To seal the bond requires no pen
Nor London lawyer smart.

The deed of jointure shall be Love,
The stamp you will not miss,
The only seal that I require
Upon my lips—a Kiss!

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.

"JOHN," she said, as she toyed with one of his coat buttons, "this is leap year, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mary," he answered, as he looked fondly down on the golden head that was pillowed on his manly bosom.

"This is the year when proposing is done by the young ladies?"

"Yes."

"I hope you don't expect me to propose to you?"

"Well, Mary, I never gave the matter a thought—I—er—to tell the truth, I've only known you for—that is to say——"

"I'm glad you didn't expect me to propose. I'm not that kind, I hope. No, John, dearest, I couldn't be so immodest. I am going to let you do the proposing yourself in the old-fashioned way. The old-fashioned way is good enough for me."

And the gentle maiden gave her lover a beaming smile, and the youth rejoiced that he had found such a treasure of modesty.

"YES, Miss Frost, I always wear gloves at night; they make one's hands so soft."

"Ah! And do you sleep with your hat on?"

SERVANT: "Will madam speak a little lower?"

Visitor: "What is the matter? Have any of the children been taken ill?"

Servant: "No, ma'am; but this is the hour for Fido's, my mistress' dog, afternoon nap."

HE (after a tiff): "So you persist in breaking the engagement?"

Mature Fiancée: "Certainly; what do you take me for?"

He: "About forty. Better think it over; it may be your last chance."

SMELLING YOUR WAY ABOUT.

How a Londoner's Nose can Tell him Where he is.

MANY towns have odours which are peculiar to them, and enable the traveller to recognise them when he is in their neighbourhood. We won't mention any names for fear of being personal.

But for one smell such a town can boast of, London can name a score, and these are to be found within a very small area of the city. The different perfumes which, on a warm day, can fall on the pedestrian's nose if he walk through certain streets in succession, remind one of the much-vaunted scents of the Orient, and these odours are scarcely inferior to those in fragrance.

The centre of a smelling exploration should be the Monument. Directly the explorer enters Eastcheap he will notice a strong aroma of fruit. In the midst of a none too beautiful city, this is quite pleasant.

No particular fruit will be distinguished, the odour being a sort of concentrated smell of grapes, oranges, dates, and everything else.

He can continue his progress down Pudding Lane, into Lower Thames Street, and half a dozen other streets without once interrupting his enjoyment of this fruity atmosphere.

But a little further on in Lower Thames Street, his nose will receive a rude awakening—if a nose can be awakened—for Billingsgate soon asserts itself in an uncompromising smell of fish.

This is no ordinary fish-shop smell, but an absolute atmosphere of fish. One might be on the quay at Yarmouth or Grimsby, especially on a windy day, when the freshness of the smell strongly suggests those towns.

You will not escape the smell of fish until you turn off one of the side lanes and cross Eastcheap, when you enter into a new territory of smells—a land literally of corn and wine.

On a warm day, when the wine vaults are open, and the corn business is pretty brisk, the smell of cellars will vie with that of grain in such a way that the atmosphere is absolutely impregnated with them.

Up Mark Lane, round Crutched Friars, and several other streets and courts, and the smell of wine vaults will continue to gratify the nose. But turn off into the courts on the west side of Mark Lane, and you enter the region of spice.

Here the air will be plentifully charged with a rich mixture of smells—mace, cinnamon, nutmeg, rice, tapioca, and other similar things, vieing with each other in assertiveness.

Close by is Mincing Lane—the land of tea, coffee, and pepper. Tea has an unmistakable effect on the atmosphere. The relation of tea to other smells is curious, as *P.W.* learnt from a broker in Mincing Lane. It absorbs other smells to quite a surprising extent.

If tea is packed in close proximity to oranges it will absorb the smell of the fruit and smell like oranges itself. What effect onions would have on it is terrible to contemplate. Brokers would rather not, for it is a strict law amongst the trade that tea must always be packed separately and not be allowed near anything else.

From this it will be seen that one can smell a dozen different and not unpleasant smells within what is less than half a square mile.

Starting the other side of the Monument, and entering Upper Thames Street, you come to another but more extended empire of smells.

First in the riverside thoroughfare will be noticed that of hides, which is not by any means a modest odour.

Further on, and the faint smell of the iron and hardware industries will be noticed.

Across Bridge Street, Blackfriars, and we enter the great printing region. The smell of printers' ink has no small effect on the neighbouring atmosphere, and the district known as Whitefriars on a hot day positively reeks with the smell, which also carries itself to the other side of Fleet Street nearly up to Holborn Viaduct.

Smithfield, with its meaty odours and vegetable gases is soon encountered, and from there one passes to Wood Street, Fore Street, and the centre of the wool, cloth, haberdashery, and dry goods industries, which, in their turn, affect the atmosphere considerably.

From this it will be seen that the mixed odours of London's city afford quite a geographical guide in themselves as to the precise locality and industry of the neighbourhood in which the traveller wanders. Few other cities can claim a smell geography of their own in this way.

Handwriting Denotes Character.

IF you send a specimen of your handwriting, together with six penny stamps and a stamped, addressed envelope to BAKER, 32 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street London, W.C., a reliable delineation of your character will be sent you. From this much useful information can be gathered.

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PICKED PARS

Sleeping in a Cannon.

The interior of a cannon is, perhaps, the last place in the world one would associate with a siesta; and yet India possesses a gun which is capacious enough to form a chamber where officers retire for a siesta during the heat of the day. This cannon, which is beyond question the largest in the world, is probably also one of the oldest. It was cast nearly 400 years ago by a famous chief of Ahmednugger, and came into our possession when India was conquered.

Novel Test of Character.

"Your character is known by what you laugh at" is the sensible motto which hangs upon the wall of a Newbridge (Mon.) hotel.

Profit on Caps.

A coster was stated in Whitechapel County Court to sell £15 worth of caps from his stall in Middlesex Street every Sunday. The profit was 50 per cent.

Public Courting-room.

The Rev. James O. White, of Cincinnati, recently opened a "public sparking-room," where slum girls may go to be courted comfortably by their suitors, or "sparks."

Wine in Dock.

During the hearing of a case at Swindon Police Court a few weeks ago, the magistrate's clerk, who had brought his lunch with him, shared his sandwiches and wine with the magistrates and the prisoner.

Hot Water Bottles for Paupers.

The old-women inmates of the workhouse of Rollesby, in Norfolk, are to be supplied with hot-water bottles for their feet at night in the future. This was the suggestion of the vice-chairman, who said he liked one himself.

Worth Her Weight in Silver.

For a dowry, Herr Duchatscheck, of Dusseldorf, gave his daughter a present of her weight in silver. At her wedding she was solemnly weighed in presence of the company. She was found to turn the scale at 10st., and to be worth £560.

Portable Electric Current.

A Sheffield electrical company has introduced a portable "sub-station" for the supply of electric light to customers outside the range of their system of wires until such time as the wires are laid as far. It is a kind of van on a trolly drawn by a horse.

Marked Pheasants.

Poaching is likely to present the same difficulty hereafter as passing counterfeit coin. The chief constable of Denbighshire advises preservers of game to put private marks on their pheasants, so that they may be recognisable when in the dealers' shops.

Hard on the Ratepayers.

When the Belgian Minister of War finds himself short of money he sends the soldiers on furlough, during which time they receive no pay. More than half of the Belgian army is at present on furlough, and the municipalities, on whose rates these men are thrown, are complaining bitterly.

Ambassador Trains Horses.

Some of the Ambassadors have a very easy time in Bangkok, and appear to have strange ideas about their duties. The representative of one of the five "Great Powers" has taken to training horses for the local nobles, and, as his *clientèle* is increasing at the expense of the local professional trainers, considerable feeling is being engendered.

Leap Year Club.

Twelve girls of Dubuque, U.S., have formed a Leap Year Club. Those of the members who fail to win the hearts and hands of the men of their choice by the end of the year are to be cut after they have given a dinner to the successful members. Any men who reject the members' proposals are to be cut by the entire membership. One girl has already proposed and been accepted.

Villagers Perform a Play.

The working classes of the little village of Hildenborough, near Tonbridge, have just produced a play, having devoted the winter evenings to learning parts, rehearsing, making scenery, and forming a string band for the production of a drama called *The Miser's Bargain*, written by a local resident and another gentleman. The villagers have gone heartily into the work, their sole object being to give their wives and children a night's amusement.

Neatness before Everything.

A colonel in the French army, who had a keen eye for neatness, and not much of an ear for music, took occasion one day to compliment his bandmaster on the appearance of his men. "Their uniforms are neat," said the colonel, "and their instruments are nicely polished, but there is one improvement that I must insist upon." "What is it, colonel?" "You must train your men, when they perform, to lift their fingers all at the same time and at regular intervals on their instruments—so, One, two! One, two!"

Proving Diamonds by Radium.

Amongst its numerous and unique accomplishments, radium possesses the power of immediately enabling one to distinguish between diamonds and paste. The real gem responds at once, and takes on a beautiful luminosity in the dark, whereas paste remains dull. Two observers have recently gone over 15,000 different kinds of mineral with radium, the Röntgen rays and ultra-violet light, and it is plain that the mere application of only a few pounds' worth of radium in the dark constitutes the simplest, and, in the long run, the cheapest, test for genuine diamonds yet discovered.

Mustn't Speak to Her Neighbours.

The owner of a flathouse building in Omaha was granted a writ of injunction restraining one of the lady tenants from talking to other occupants of the flathouse.

New Public-house Attraction.

In the window of a Dunmow hostelry there appears within a gilt frame the following inscription: "The 'Encyclopædia Britannica' at Your Service Within."

Beer Turned into the River.

Rather than pay the internal revenue tax, a brewery company in New York, which was retiring from business, poured out 12,000 kegs of beer, and allowed it to run into the Hudson River.

Birds that Sew.

The little tailorbird not only sews but spins, weaving raw cotton into thread for its own purposes. With this thread, it sews with actual stitches a sack of leaves in which to rear its young.

Dolls Without Heads.

The Sultan of Anjouan, in the Comoro Islands, has just sent a selection of elegantly-dressed dolls to a European museum of toys. They have no heads, the representation of the human face being forbidden by the Mussulman religion.

Dogs as Policemen.

Three dangerous burglars were caught a few nights since in Brussels while "operating" by means of one of the police dogs, which pinned the leader as he was hiding behind a wall. These dogs have only been lately added to the suburban service, and are doing good work.

The Value of a Squint.

A tradesman in Berlin has hit upon the plan of engaging squinting girls to serve in his shop. Asked the reason, he said, "I am often robbed. Now that the eyes of my girls look in every direction, the customers who steal will never know when they are being watched."

Whalebone at £3,000 a Ton.

There are said to be only four tons of whalebone left in the world, all supplies, both British and American, having been disposed of. Two and a half tons have just been sold at Dundee at the rate, it is understood, of £3,000 a ton, or £200 a ton higher than the previous highest price. Early last century the price was £25 a ton.

Taking no Risks.

A Gold Coast journal makes this important editorial announcement: "As our agents in the various outstations the last time we were publishing experienced great difficulty in collecting subscriptions from those who received copies under a promise to pay, it is intended now to send to our agents each time just the number of copies for the subscribers advised as having already paid."

Blizzards to Order.

One of the side shows at the Liège Exhibition is to be the scientific production of storms to order. The scene will resemble an encampment of Esquimaux, with seals, Polar bears, and icebergs. By the aid of liquid air, the temperature of the hall can be lowered from fifteen to twenty degrees below freezing point, and special apparatus will manufacture snow and wind to give the idea reality.

Star Photography.

Star photography is one of the most tedious operations known. In some cases the exposure of the plate must last for several hours. During all this time, both the plate and the telescope must be moved so that the image of the star will be stationary on the plate. The exposure for a star of the sixteenth magnitude is two hours, and only the image of one at a time can be secured, unless those adjoining happen to be of the same size.

Tramway Flirtation.

After a warm debate, West Ham Town Council has struck out from the proposed rules for its new electric tramways a paragraph prohibiting the tramwaymen from wearing "buttonholes" while in uniform. The objection to the men wearing buttonholes was that they might lead to flirtation with the young women passengers. Some of the councillors said that they saw no harm in the very mild flirtation which took place between the tramwaymen and the young women.

Monaco Disbands its Army.

The Prince of Monaco is showing an example to the rest of Europe by disbanding his army. It consists of a single regiment, the Royal Guards. It comprises seventy men, entirely Italians, with the exception of two Frenchmen, who entered the ranks comparatively recently. The Commander-in-Chief, as well as other distinguished members of the force, have already received their congés, and to-day all that remains of this quaint military force is one officer and ten privates. These will go on July 31st.

What's in a Name?

At Blackburn recently application was made by a Poor Law officer for authority to transfer a pauper lunatic to the Chorlton Union. A Magistrate: "What name?" The Clerk: "Annie Maria Matilda Sophia Lucretia Cinderella Julia Hannah Martave Green." (Laughter.) The Magistrate: "Is it a joke?" The Clerk replied by passing up a written document. The Magistrate: "What a dreadful burden such a name must be!" The Chief Constable: "Her parents ought to be transported." It was stated that the woman was the wife of a carter, and that her sister also possessed eight Christian names.

A Tree that Gets Angry.

In Australia is a species of acacia known as the "Angry Tree." It reaches the height of 30ft., after a rapid growth, and in outward appearance somewhat resembles a gigantic century plant. When the sun sets, the leaves fold up and the tender twigs coil tightly, and, if the shoots are handled, the leaves rustle and move uneasily for a time. If this queer plant is removed from one soil to another it seems angry, and the leaves stand out in all directions. A pungent and sickening odour, said to resemble that given off by rattlesnakes when annoyed, fills the air, and it is only after an hour or so that the leaves fold in the natural way.

KOREAN CURIOSITIES.

There are no bankruptcy courts in Korea. Once a Korean contracts a debt, he can never escape from it.

Korea is the only country where the marriage certificate is equally divided, one half being given to the husband, the other to the wife.

Every Korean husband is answerable for the conduct of his wife. Should she break any of the ordinary laws, he must suffer in her stead.

No Korean may go upon the roof of his house, not even to repair a leak, without legal permission and without giving due notice to all his neighbours.

The most important duty of every housewife in Korea is to keep alight a perpetual fire, which is sacred to the dead ancestors of the household.

Paper enters largely into the construction of every Korean house. The interior is lined with paper. It has a paper roof, paper floorcloth, and paper walls.

The Koreans love medicine. The rich take pills of incredible size and richly gilded. Very many take medicine regularly and systematically. They seldom suffer any injury, however.

Only the poorest women in Korea go about unveiled, and then they move rapidly, looking all the while on the ground. The women of the middle-class wrap an ordinary dress about their heads and shoulders.

Snakes and serpents are treated by the Koreans with veneration and tenderness. No one ever kills a snake. The poorest and hungriest Korean will share his meals with the reptiles that crawl about his garden.

Every bachelor in Korea, no matter his age, is regarded as a child, dressed as a child, and treated as a child. Even if he be seventy, he may not knot up his hair in manly fashion or assume the garb of a man.

Every Korean hides his house from the public gaze by a number of screens. The poor man employs hedges and fences; the rich man has many high walls. Between the walls are grown gorgeous flowers; lotus-ponds are also to be found there.

In every Korean village there is one, and in every Korean city there are several, appointed listeners. These spies, called by the Koreans "messengers on the dark path," inform the King of everything that happens. Not a word is said about the King without reaching his ears.

No Korean couple would think of marrying without consulting the sage, who fixes the happy day for them. This he does simply by adding the bride's age to the bridegroom's, and, after determining which star rules the destiny of their united ages, he decrees that the wedding shall take place upon the day sacred to that star.

Koreans are very great on sign-posts. One is to be found at the corner of every country road. Each sign-post is shaped like an old-fashioned English coffin, topped by a grotesque, painted, grinning face. All the faces are alike, however, and are the countenances of Chang Sun, a great Korean soldier who lived a thousand or so years ago.

When the King of Korea goes into the streets he is preceded by a Secretary of State, who carries a "mercy-box." Into this box are placed all the papers upon which the Koreans have indited their petitions or grievances, and which are thrown from over walls, or hung on strings from windows. The King himself reads every paper.

In some parts of Korea, and among some Korean families, it is the custom for bridegrooms to dwell under the roofs of their fathers-in-law until the first son has been born and attained to years of manhood. Should any Korean, however, stay in the house of his bride's people for more than three days after his wedding, he is compelled to remain for an entire year.

Only the King of Korea may rear goats, or have round columns and square rafters to his house, or wear a coat of brilliant red. Only the King may look upon the faces of the Queen's hundreds of attendant ladies, or have any building outside of which there are more than three steps. Four steps would be high treason, and would cost their owner a traitor's death.

All men and women in Korea, whatever their age or station, smoke tobacco incessantly. The bowls of their pipes are so small that they only hold a pinch or two of tobacco, and the stems are so long that the smoker is unable to apply a match to his own pipe. The coolie carries his pipe thrust down his neck between his coat and his back; the Korean gentleman carries his in his sleeve.

At night, Korea is a blaze of bonfires. There are hundreds of them, and each is a signal to the Korean people that "all's well." On a hill just outside Korea's chief city are four great lights, from which the attendants in charge of all other lights take their cue. Should war or invasion be threatened, extra fires are lighted. One extra fire means that an enemy has been sighted off the Korean coast; two that the enemy have landed; three, that they are moving inland; four, that they are pushing towards the capital; and five, that the enemy are even at the city's gates.

At a Korean marriage, everyone rides on horseback and in single file. First come a manservant, who carries in both hands an imitation life-sized wild goose, covered by a red scarf. Then come the bridegroom, his friends, and all the servants he possesses or is able to borrow. At the bride's house the servant first deposits the goose on a bowl of rice; then everyone dismounts, and, leaving outside their outer robes, their hats, and their boots, enter the house, and make as much noise as they possibly can. The pandemonium does not cease till the guests are paid to go away. A feast follows, and then the bridegroom is taken to his bride, whom he sees for the first time.

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DR. WYNNE'S REVENGE.

WILLIAM WESTALL'S LAST ROMANCE.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT.

Birds of a Feather.

THERE was an inquest—for no particular reason—Jabez Pollard having, in the doctor's opinion, undoubtedly died a natural death. But inquests are often held without reason.

The proceedings were brief, only three witnesses—Bentley, Carnac, and the coachman, being called. All Bentley had to say was that the deceased had unquestionably died of apoplexy. The coachman could tell the jury no more than that Mr. Pollard came out of Manor Farm House looking as if he had been in a violent passion, and muttering, "Ruined, ruined!" and that, when they got home, he was in a fit.

Carnac merely said that the object of Mr. Pollard's visit was to ask him to let the bank retain, till the end of the year, a deposit of some ten thousand pounds, which he had given notice to withdraw. With this request Carnac declined to comply, whereupon the deceased gentleman, who seemed greatly agitated, abruptly left him.

Two or three irrelevant questions were asked—one being whether Dr. Carnac thought Mr. Pollard was going to have a fit—which the coroner ruled out of order, and by his directions the jury returned the inevitable verdict of "Died by the visitation of God."

Jabez Pollard's sudden death and the stoppage of the bank naturally caused a great sensation, and among the bank's customers no little dismay. Nobody was more deeply moved by these sinister events than the Solicitor-General. In both he saw the hand of Alfred Wynne, whom, in his fear, he endowed with preternatural ingenuity and craft.

"Carnac is cleverer than I thought," he said to his wife. "To kill old Pollard one day and break the bank the next was a master stroke."

Lady Daryl looked as though she did not understand. "What do you mean?" she demanded. "Mr. Pollard died of apoplexy."

"But how caused? Why did not those stupid jurymen, instead of putting foolish questions, ask Carnac whether he gave Pollard anything?"

"Gave him anything? What could he give him?"

"A glass of wine, or brandy—Jabez was not the man to refuse a drink—a glass of wine *with something in it*."

"Good Heavens! You surely don't believe that Alfred Wynne is capable of committing murder?" exclaimed Benita.

"I believe he is capable of anything. You and I know only too well that, when it is a question of gratifying his spite, he has no scruples, and Jabez had much more to do with getting him convicted than I had. He prosecuted; I merely appeared as a witness."

"But he was always friendly with the Pollards, did business with them, and I never heard him say a word against them."

"Of course, you did not. As Dr. Carnac, he had nothing against them, and it was not his game to come out in his true colours. You may depend upon it that it was a planned thing. He lets Pollards keep that money till he hears, or suspects, they are in difficulties, then springs on them a notice of withdrawal, which he knows will be followed by a visit from the head of the firm, for whom he prepares some subtle poison, that, mixed with his wine, gives him his quietus in the shape of an apoplectic fit. Nothing would be easier for a man with his knowledge of medicine."

"How can you be so horrid, Guy?" quoth Benita indignantly. "Whatever else he may be, I am quite sure that Alfred Wynne is neither an actual nor a potential murderer."

"Anyhow, he threatened to let me die, which would have been murder, if I did not sign that paper," retorted Sir Guy.

This there was no denying, and Benita, who dared not let her husband suspect that she no longer put implicit faith in his statements (though she still hesitated to disbelieve them), made no answer.

Believing that his respite was approaching its term, Daryl's fears revived in full force. Carnac, as he thought, had held his hand only because he could take no action against him without dropping his disguise, and to do that before he had finished with Pollard had been fatal to his design. Knowing with whom he had to deal, Jabez would not have fallen into the snare so artfully prepared for him.

Except when he was absorbed in his work, Carnac was never long out of Sir Guy's thoughts. He dared not give him the cold shoulder, and saw him too often to forget him. They met in Society, at the station, and now and then at Passingford Church, when Lady Daryl, mindful of her husband's injunction, generally invited him to luncheon. Now and then, too, they deemed it expedient to ask him to dinner, and, when the Session opened, he asked almost every week for an order to the Speaker's gallery.

All this was unspeakably annoying, and to annoyance was added the torment of suspense, for Sir Guy knew not when or in what shape the catastrophe might come. Carnac might have some other scheme up his sleeve than a prosecution for perjury, and Daryl never opened his letters or unfolded his morning paper without a thrill of apprehension.

If he could only get rid of the fellow! But of that there seemed no chance. London was not Tangier.

In the meanwhile, Carnac was dividing his time between Ryefield and London, where, his flat not having proved a success, he had taken rooms in the neighbourhood of Hanover Square. But, hunting being in full swing, Ryefield saw the most of him. Always fond of horses, and having now ample means, he indulged his predilection somewhat extravagantly, keeping a large stud, and chopping and changing a good deal. On days when hunters were to be sold, he liked to look in at Tattersall's, and, being a good judge and familiar with equine anatomy, sometimes got a bargain. One morning during a frost, when he was staying in town and there chanced to be a sale of first-class Irish hunters, he looked in at the "Yard," intending, if he found a horse or two that took his fancy, to bid for them.

There were already a good many people hanging around—hunting men, steeplechase riders, London dealers, vets., country copers, grooms, idlers, and birds of prey.

Finding a horse whose looks he liked, Carnac had him out for inspection. The animal, a fine, thoroughbred chestnut, rejoicing in the name of Go-bang, moved him to admiration.

"He's the pick of the basket, sir. You won't do wrong in buying him," whispered the groom, whom, on previous occasions, he had liberally tipped.

On this Carnac, who was too knowing to take anybody's word about a horse, scrutinised the creature's eyes and limbs.

As he was thus engaged, his hat fell off and rolled a considerable distance. A horsey-looking loafer picked it up, brushed it with his sleeve, and handed it to him, murmuring something about a "glass." Carnac thanked the fellow and gave him sixpence.

Near by and idly observant of this incident was a man with a longish face and bushy whiskers, wearing a fashionable Chesterfield overcoat, a broad-brimmed silk hat, and a gorgeous scarf, fastened with a still more gorgeous gold pin.

"I have seen that scar before, but I cannot recall where, and I don't recognise the face," he muttered when the hat fell off.

Then he shifted his position and took a long look at Carnac, who, being deep in conversation with the groom, did not notice him.

"Dr. Wynne, by Heaven!" he exclaimed mentally. Then, turning abruptly away, he spoke to a broad-set, long-legged, red-haired fellow who was loitering about with his hands in his pockets and a straw in his mouth.

"Here's a job for you, Jimmy," said to him the man in the Chesterfield coat. "You see that toff overhauling that chestnut horse? His hat fell off just now."

"I see him," answered Jimmy.

"Well, don't lose sight of him, and, when you have run him down, come and tell me where he hangs out."

"What's his name?"

"You mean what does he call himself? You'll have to find that out. As I don't want him to spot me, I'm off. Ta-ta!"

Jimmy, as he had been ordered, kept Carnac in view, and, when the bidding began, took post behind him, near the rostrum.

Presently Go-bang appeared, dancing and prancing, and was shown off by the grooms and highly bepraised by the auctioneer. The competition was brisk, and continued till the hammer fell to a bid of two hundred guineas. "Name?" demanded the clerk, to which the answer was "Carnac," whose next proceeding was to go to the office and pay for his purchase.

Jimmy marked where he went, and, when Carnac came out, and, going to the entrance, called for a hansom, was within earshot.

"To 20 Hanover Square," was the order.

Jimmy took another hansom, and, giving a similar order, followed in pursuit. But, as Carnac reached his destination and was about to alight, Jimmy took to his feet and loitered about, always keeping an eye on Carnac's lodgings. The doctor after a while reappeared and made towards Regent Street.

As soon as he was well out of sight, Jimmy rang the door-bell.

"Does Mr. Carnac live here?" he asked the domestic, who answered his call.

"Dr. Carnac, you mean. He stays here when he is in town, but he lives at Ryefield. He has just gone out, and won't be back till late. Is there anything I can tell him?" asked the girl, who took Jimmy for a genuine groom.

"No; I will call again. It is only about a horse," he replied, and, having accomplished his mission, went his way.

One morning three days later, as Carnac, who had just finished breakfast, was lighting his pipe, a servant announced that a "gentleman" wanted to see him. "Name of Edwards," she added.

"One of those begging fellows, I suppose. Nobody else would come at this time. However, you can show him in," said Carnac.

Which the girl did, and there entered a tallish, longish-faced man, with bushy whiskers. He was fashionably attired, and carried in one hand a brand new silk hat, in the other a gold-headed cane.

Carnac rose, invited the intruder to sit down, and regarded him inquiringly. The face seemed not unfamiliar, but where or when he had seen it he could not at the moment recall.

"I have to apologise for calling at so early an hour, but I wanted to make sure of finding you in," said the self-styled Edwards. "You surely have not forgotten me, Dr. Wynne?"

"Cort!" exclaimed Carnac, his countenance lowering ominously.

"Yes, your old pal, Cort."

"Don't lie, man! You were never a pal of mine."

"One of your fellow lags, then, if you like that better."

"What do you want?"

"First of all, to congratulate you on your good fortune and prosperity. You have pleasant quarters here," glancing round the room, "and a nice house and a stud of hunters at Ryefield. I am told, too, that you keep a yacht, and are worth two or three hundred thousand pounds—at the least."

"And if I am, what then? What do you want, I repeat?" demanded Carnac, whom it cost a great effort to refrain from violence.

"To share in your prosperity—as I should be happy to let you share in mine if——"

"How much? Come to the point."

"A thousand pounds down, and as much a year, paid quarterly in advance."

"And if I refuse?"

"I shall denounce you as a fraud, and let the public know that the man who calls himself Carnac and cuts a figure in the City and associates with the nobility, gentry, and clergy, is one Alfred Wynne, forger and ex-convict."

"You can do what you please, Cort, except stop in this room, which you pollute with your presence. Go!" retorted Carnac, who was now thoroughly roused.

Cort paled with rage.

"Do you mean it? Are you in earnest?" he asked, rising.

"So much so that, if you are not gone in two minutes, I'll put you out of the room and kick you out of the house, scoundrel that you are; and, if you come here again, or accost me in the street, I shall give you in charge for attempted blackmailing," answered Carnac, also rising.

"Pray don't get excited! I'll go. Bad language is always a mistake, and insulting me the worst thing, in your own interest, you ever did; worse than making bogus paper, as you'll one day find."

This said, Cort made rather a hurried exit. Carnac looked dangerous, and he was the stronger man.

His parting shot had missed its mark. Though angry, Carnac was undismayed. He had known from the first that his secret might at any moment be surprised and revealed, and, his purpose being so nearly accomplished, did not much care whether the crisis came then or later. Its chief results would be the publication of the confession—Guy Daryl's ruin, and his own vindication.

But he was in no hurry, and being, moreover, curious as to Cort's next move, decided to wait for developments.

Meanwhile, Cort's evil nature was stirred to its depths. Carnac's scornful defiance and outspoken contempt had stung him to the quick, for, though a rogue, he had feelings, and more vanity than many an honest man. Furthermore, having reckoned on turning his discovery to profitable account, he was grievously disappointed, and with the bitterness of disappointment and the mortification of defeat were conjoined the envy which lends to hatred an additional venom. Carnac's prosperity was an offence to him, and for that cause alone he would have done much to bring about his downfall.

But Cort was a man of intelligence, not a creature of impulse.

He knew what evidence meant, and had studied law in order to avoid its penalties and pitfalls, and, on considering the matter calmly, he perceived that exposing Wynne would not be so easy as might appear. Anonymous letters carry no weight, and the personal testimony of a man of his character and antecedents was not likely to meet with general acceptance. Moreover, Wynne might denounce him as a blackmailer, and Cort had excellent reasons for desiring not to come in too close contact with the police, through whose fingers he had slipped so often that they were uncommonly anxious to catch him tripping.

Hence Wynne could be effectually attacked only by some third party, whom Cort might succeed in convincing of the truth of his statements, and whose denunciation could not be disregarded. The only person possessed of influence and likely to listen to him was Sir Guy Daryl, of whose intimacy with Carnac he had heard with surprise bordering on stupefaction. But of the fact there could be no question. Cort was running a private inquiry office, which he combined with blackmailing, and Jimmy, ex-police officer and an old lag, was his best hand; but, when he reported that Carnac and the Solicitor-General were as "thick as thieves," Cort refused to believe him, and made inquisition on his own account, the result of which fully justified Jimmy.

How Sir Guy had let himself be so deceived passed his comprehension, but Cort felt sure that, if he could be enlightened, Wynne would be exposed.

How to enlighten him was the next question. A letter would not do, and it was possible that, if Mr. Cort were to ask for a private interview, he might not be favoured with an answer. But Mr. Cort was too ingenious and resourceful to let himself be baulked by so slight an obstacle.

As it happened, the Solicitor-General was engaged in a criminal case, which presented serious difficulties to the prosecution and the police. Profiting by this circumstance, Cort wrote to Sir Guy Daryl that he could give him important information concerning the Poplar Mystery (as the papers called it). But it was for his private ear only. It would be of no use to refer him to anybody else. The writer (who signed himself "Richard Gordon") concluded by saying that he asked for nothing, and wanted only an interview and a hearing.

The second number of THE RAPID REVIEW—the new magazine of current events and literature—is now on sale. Sixpence everywhere.

The bait took. Mr. "Gordon" got an appointment, and at the time fixed appeared at the Solicitor-General's chambers in the Inner Temple. When the clerk announced him, Sir Guy looked up from the document over which he had been poring, and eyed the intruder keenly.

"You are the writer of this letter, and have something to tell me about the Poplar case," he said, motioning him to a seat. "What is it?"

"I have something to tell you, of great importance, but it has nothing to do with the Poplar case," answered Cort coolly.

"Then, why on earth——"

"It concerns yourself, personally, and very closely, but, fearing that if I mentioned my name and the nature of my errand you might not receive me, I had recourse to a little stratagem."

"And told a big lie. Who are you?"

"I thought you would know me, Sir Guy."

"I fancy I have seen you before, but I see so many people."

"My name is Cort. You defended me at the Central Criminal Court in 1890. It was I who informed you of Alfred Wynne's discharge from Swartmoor, and it is about him I wanted to see you."

Sir Guy began to look interested.

"Ah, indeed, about Wynne!" he said. "I think you——"

"I tried to make the country too hot to hold him, and for the time succeeded. He is back again."

"The dickens he is!"

"I spotted him a few days since at Tattersall's, but he is so much altered that, if it had not been for an ugly scar on the head, which he got in a fight between some warders and convicts, I should not have known him. He calls himself Carnac now, and lives at Ryefield."

"Nonsense, man! You are mistaken. Dr. Carnac and Wynne cannot be the same.

"I am not mistaken, Sir Guy. I have seen him, and he did not deny it."

"Did he admit it?"

"Not in so many words, but that is what it came to, and he was most insulting; treated me like a dog, and ordered me out of his house," added Cort angrily.

"That was not nice of him, nor, I should think, wise. I am obliged to you for bringing me this information, Mr. Cort. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Cort started with surprise. This was not what he had expected.

"I thought you would expose him," he said.

"You mean denounce Dr. Carnac as an impostor, and charge him with sailing under false colours? Seeing that the only evidence I could offer is your recognition of him, there might be—awkward complications."

"My evidence can be corroborated by a cloud of witnesses, Sir Guy. They have his marks at Swartmoor, and there are at least a score of warders and others who could swear to that scar."

"So you think you could persuade Dr. Carnac to take his hat off to a jury of warders and ex-convicts? You have not got him in the dock—yet, remember," remarked Sir Guy significantly.

Cort was so provoked that he could scarce keep his temper.

"I wish I had him in the dock, or some other place where he would be equally uncomfortable," he retorted. "However, there are more ways of killing a dog than hanging it, and by hook or crook I mean to take the shine out of Dr. Wynne."

"You don't propose to extinguish him, I hope? That also might lead to awkward complications."

"Never fear. Revenge is sweet, but life is sweeter, and I am not going to risk mine. It would not be good enough. All the same, something may happen to him."

"You are pleased to be cryptic, Mr. Cort. What sort of a something?"

"An accident."

Sir Guy laughed grimly.

"I don't believe it," he exclaimed. "Dr. Carnac is the luckiest man I know, nothing hurts him; he comes triumphant out of every scrape, surmounts every obstacle, and, so confident am I in the continuance of his good fortune, that I'll lay you a thousand to one in sovereigns no serious accident befalls him within the next six months."

"Would you mind putting that in writing, Sir Guy?"

"I'll neither put it in writing nor make a note of it. It is a sporting offer, and I shall be very surprised if you win."

"All right. A nod is as good as a wink. I accept. Here's the sov."

After a moment's hesitation, Sir Guy took the coin, whereupon Cort made his bow and took his departure, vastly disappointed, and not a little bewildered; but, being the reverse of muddle-headed, it was not long before he set his thoughts in order and arrived at several definite conclusions. The chief of these, inferred as much from Sir Guy's manner as his words, was that Sir Guy had known Carnac's secret from the first, and, though he had no intention of exposing him, or breaking with him, he liked him so little as to be willing to pay a thousand pounds to get rid of him.

All this was clear, but, when Cort sought for an explanation of Sir Guy's motives, he found no theory that fitted the facts. The most plausible he could think of was that Carnac had knowledge of a counter secret, that sealed Sir Guy's lips, or had lent him money which Sir Guy was unable to repay, though, as Cort reflected, extinguishing a creditor does not necessarily cancel a debt.

Nothing that occurred during the interview had more surprised Cort than Sir Guy's misinterpretation of his remark that something might happen to Carnac. It had been made without premeditation, and meant little more than a wish that something would happen to him. Sir Guy had chosen to read into it a design on Cort's part to commit wilful murder, a design which, up to that moment, he had not entertained.

Nevertheless, the idea of an "accident" not only took his fancy, but suggested a question whether he could not contrive to "extinguish" Carnac with slight risk of being suspected and none of being detected. This were to kill two birds with one stone—feed fat the grudge he bore Carnac and gain a thousand pounds, for, though Cort had nothing to show, he knew, or thought he knew, that people of the Solicitor-General's class don't repudiate debts of honour.

But the problem, even for a rogue of Cort's ingenuity, was hard to solve, and, as an aid to reflection, he turned into a wine shop and sipped a glass of old port. Then he continued his walk eastward, and presently reached the neighbourhood of the Mansion House.

The street was crowded with vehicles, and several people were waiting for a chance of crossing in safety. One man, less cautious or more adventurous than the rest, made a dash for Lombard Street, slipped on the greasy asphalt in front of an advancing van, and, if the driver had not pulled up in the very nick of time, would have been pounded into a jelly.

"If that had been Dr. Wynne, and the driver had not seen him, he would have got smashed, and nobody could have said it wasn't an accident," thought Cort, as, profiting by a temporary cessation of the traffic, he made towards Cornhill.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE.

Hide and Seek.

"Nurse says that baby (a recent arrival) has been so good," remarked Lady Daryl, as she handed her husband a second cup of coffee.

"Glad to hear it. He is a fine little chappie," replied her husband carelessly, as he glanced at the Times.

"And so sweet. Any particular news this morning?"

"No. By Jove, there is, though! Listen to this!" cried Sir Guy excitedly. "'Last night Dr. Carnac, of Ryefield, met with a serious accident. While crossing the Strand with a friend, after leaving the Lyceum Theatre, a drunken man lurched against him, throwing the unfortunate gentleman under the wheels of a passing hansom. He was taken up in an unconscious condition and carried to Charing Cross Hospital, where his injuries were attended to, but he is so badly hurt that doubts are entertained as to his recovery."

"There's news for you with a vengeance! The best I have heard for many a day," added Sir Guy exultantly.

Lady Daryl, as her face showed, was both shocked and distressed.

"You don't mean it, Guy? You surely cannot rejoice——"

"Why shouldn't I?" he interrupted. "Hasn't Wynne kept me on tenterhooks for months, tormenting me out of sheer malice and making my life a terror? Didn't he all but let me die, and didn't he kill old Pollard outright? Rejoice! I rather think I do, and I shall rejoice still more if he doesn't survive his injuries. So ought you, Benita, if you really care for me— Oh, my God!"

Sir Guy turned deadly pale, and felt hurriedly in his pockets. "Where are my capsules? Can I have left them upstairs? Run! No, they are here, in this pocket."

And with that he crushed one in his handkerchief and held it to his nose. Soon his colour returned.

"Just in time. Another minute and I should have been gasping," he said with a sigh of relief.

"You felt it coming on?"

"Yes. The usual twinge in the little finger that heralds contraction of the arteries. I felt it a few days since while I was speaking in court, and had to ask the judge's permission to break a capsule. But to revert to our topic. As Carnac may recover, though I hope to goodness he won't, we must keep up appearances. I shall call at the hospital some time to-day to inquire about him."

"As you think best," assented Benita.

Her husband's cynicism so revolted her that she could not trust herself to say more. It was all she could do to dissemble the distrust and dread with which, in spite of herself, she had begun to regard him.

"I did not give Cort credit for so much originality," mused Sir Guy, as he calmly sipped his coffee. "The rascal has been quick to follow the lead I gave him. But I never thought of aught so excellent as a drunken man and a passing cab, and the best of it is that I am in no way compromised. Nobody would believe Cort on his oath, and, if he gives any trouble, I shall know how to deal with him. He has won the wager beyond a doubt; I am not sure, though, whether I had better give him the money. It would have to be in gold, and taking a thousand sovereigns out of one's bank is so unusual a proceeding that in certain conceivable circumstances it might serve as a clue. Who was Carnac's friend, I wonder?"

The newspaper account of the "accident," though accurate as far as it went, did not tell the whole story.

The friend was Dr. Bentley, who had come up to town to dine with Carnac at his club and accompany him afterwards to the play. They met at Carnac's lodgings in Hanover Square. As they left the house, a common-looking man passed them.

"I have seen that fellow several times before," remarked Carnac. "He has been hanging about the Square for two or three days. What can he be after, I wonder?"

"Perhaps he's a detective on the trail of some delinquent," suggested Bentley, who had seen little more of the man than his back.

"Possibly. The same idea occurred to me. He has the air of one," remarked Carnac.

"Anyhow, he has red hair," laughed the other, who was given to making bad puns.

After dining, the two men betook themselves to the theatre, and, when the performance was over, left the house and turned into the Strand, keeping at first to the north side. But presently Bentley proposed that they should cross over, saying he wanted to call at his club in Northumberland Avenue. Carnac acquiesced and led the way. They had nearly made their point when a seemingly drunken man, wearing a slouch hat and an Inverness cape, shouted "Ger out of my way," and reeled against Carnac so violently as to threw him down in front of a hansom going at full speed. Both horse and cab went over him, leaving him unconscious, bleeding, and terribly battered.

The drunken man had disappeared.

A crowd collected, policemen came running.

Bentley, saying he was a doctor and the fallen man's friend, gave directions. Two of the policemen doffed their overcoats, and on these Carnac was laid and carried to Charing Cross Hospital.

A bystander touched Bentley on the shoulder.

"I was just behind the gentleman and saw it all," he said. "I believe it was done on purpose. That fellow was no more drunk than I am. I saw him a few minutes before on the pavement, looking as sober as a judge, and he made off double quick, neither reeling nor staggering. He had red whiskers."

"I wish you had stopped him," answered Bentley, to whom a similar suspicion had occurred.

"I wish I had. But I was so taken aback that I did not think of it till too late. Here is my card. You might want to communicate with me."

Bentley thanked the man and took the card. His name was Badsworth.

"Just alive, and he may recover, but——" said the principal house surgeon when Carnac had been stripped and examined.

"You think it doubtful?" put in Bentley.

"I do. None of his injuries are necessarily fatal, but they are very serious. Concussion of the brain, a fractured thigh, a broken arm, two or three broken ribs, and numerous cuts and contusions."

"All the same, I think Carnac will get better. He is a man of sound constitution, great vitality, and temperate habits."

"In that case the odds are perhaps slightly in his favour, though I should not like to insure his life."

When Bentley called at the hospital next morning, before his departure for Ryefield, he learnt that the patient was no worse. Meanwhile the suspicion suggested by Badsworth had taken root. The more he thought about it, the more likely it seemed to him that the push had been deliberately planned and purposely given, and Bentley naturally connected the incident with the presence of the supposed detective in the neighbourhood of Carnac's lodgings. He had probably not lost sight of them, except when they were in the club, since they left Hanover Square. True, he wore neither a slouch hat nor an Inverness cape, but nothing is easier than to change a hat and don a cape. Moreover, Badsworth averred that the ruffian had red whiskers, that a few minutes previously he was quite sober, and, most suspicious sign of all, he had no sooner thrown Carnac down than he disappeared.

"There can be no doubt about it. It was a wicked attempt either to do Carnac serious harm or murder him outright, and the criminal is the fellow we saw in Hanover Square," was Bentley's conclusion. He regretted having seen only his back, and wondered whether Carnac had been more fortunate and could identify him—if he were caught—of which there seemed scant probability, and Carnac would be in no condition to answer questions for several weeks.

So, for the present at least, the mystery must remain a mystery.

News of the disaster reached Ryefield before Bentley, and, when it became known that he had been with Carnac, his neighbours plied him with questions, which he answered frankly, making no secret of his belief that there had been foul play. All this, with additions, came to the ears of Lady Daryl, who wrote asking Bentley to call at Passingford Hall next day to see one of the children who was not well. This was a mere pretext to speak to him, as the doctor, when he made his visit, perceived. Nothing ailed the child, and, before the doctor could ask a question about his little patient, her ladyship began to question him about Carnac. Bentley told the whole story, and repeated with emphasis his opinion that the "accident" had been deliberately planned by some enemy. Lady Daryl seemed greatly distressed, and, when Bentley described Carnac's injuries, she turned pale and murmured: "Poor man! How he must suffer! Will he recover, do you think?"

"I do. This morning I had a card from one of the house surgeons saying that, as no adverse symptoms have supervened, the chances are in favour of Carnac's recovery," answered Bentley.

"And this enemy. Have you any idea who he is?"

"Not the least. Of one thing, however, I am sure. Carnac has only friends hereabouts. But I know very little of his past. He may have made enemies in Australia, in connection with his gold mine."

"Australia! That is a long way off."

"And vengeance has long arms."

"You think it is a case of revenge, then?"

"I do, most emphatically."

(Another instalment of this romance next week.)

[On the last page an announcement regarding the new serial, which starts in two weeks' time, will be found.]

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The DAILY EXPRESS is on sale at all Newsagents and Bookstalls everywhere.

The second number of THE RAPID REVIEW—the new magazine of current events and literature—is now on sale. Sixpence everywhere.

Mr. P. Doubleyou Begins to Learn Russian Ways and Manners.

Four days after receiving General Konopnitsky's paternal kiss, I myself set out for "Mother Moscow," having received a telegram from the Editor, instructing me to describe Russia's old capital, the centre of everything that the natives call "tchisto-russki," or genuinely Russian.

Intending to leave at night, I telegraphed about lunch time to the Slavianski Bazaar Hotel ordering a room. The office clerk said:

"Do you wish this telegram to be delivered in Moscow to-night?"

On my answering affirmatively, he replied that I must write on the telegram "srotchni" (immediate), and pay double the usual rate, as ordinary telegrams generally took a whole day to reach any part of Russia outside St. Petersburg.

I looked up the railway guide. It was dated October, 1903. Subsequently I found that there is but one "Bradshaw" in the Tsar's dominions, and that is published officially only twice a year.

I puzzled through its pages for a long time, trying to find the Sunday service, when my student entered, and told me that the trains on Sunday ran

the same as any other day.

There were four kinds of trains, he said, the "mail" (postovii), the "quack" (skori), the "passenger" (passagirski); and the "courier's" (kourierskу); and when I declared that I would go by the mail train, and so save time, he explained that I was mistaken, as the courier's train was the fastest of the four, the "passenger" train being the slowest.

The courier's train—"the Flying Moscowman"—takes twelve hours to cover the four hundred miles between the two capitals.

We left the Nikolaievsk Railway Station at 10.30 that evening. Our tickets, first-class, which cost us thirty-eight shillings each, entitled us to the use of arm-chairs, which could be opened out to form beds. My student brought a pillow, but declared that teapots were necessary only for long journeys.

Russian trains are the most comfortable in Europe. They are all built on the corridor principle, and gorgeously upholstered. All the carriages are heated with hot-air pipes, and have double windows, which it is impossible to open.

The train I travelled by was made up altogether of first and second class carriages. "Passenger" trains, however, have third-class, and many trains fourth-class wagons, labelled

"Eight horses or forty persons."

You can be one of eight horses or forty persons all the way from Moscow to Sevastopol (about seven hundred miles) for a trifle of five shillings, and if that is too costly, you can traverse the whole 4,000 miles between Moscow and Irkutsk, as an emigrant, for the sum of four shillings.

Smoking carriages are labelled, but Russian travellers smoke everywhere, and generally do exactly as they please.

"The first thing foreigners notice in this country," said a benevolent-looking commercial traveller who sat beside me, "is that nobody cares twopence for the laws. 'The laws are paper, but man is the image of God,' says a Russian proverb, and the average image of God knows no greater pleasure in life than tearing paper to pieces."

The Nikolaieffsky Railway runs four hundred miles, almost exactly in a straight line. Thereby hangs a tale. When it was being surveyed, Tsar Nicholas I., the most autocratic of all Russia's autocrats, heard that his engineers were making the line "wander" in order to get

compensation for their friends.

Failing to get a satisfactory explanation, he took a ruler, and drew a straight line between St. Petersburg and Moscow, saying "Build the line that way." The result is that even important provincial capitals, like Tver, which has 50,000 inhabitants, are several miles away from the railway.

The train stopped at several stations, and tickets, I was told, were examined at each. But the Russian "conductor" is considerate. He invariably takes passengers' tickets at "bed-time" and returns them before the train reaches its destination.

My companions in the carriage were mostly prosperous-looking, bearded gentlemen, in fur-coats and lambakin caps. There were three officers, in short, white tunics, and long black moustaches.

The unwritten law of Russian railway trains is sociability. A subject of the Tsar may bring domestic utensils with him on his journey, but never a book or newspaper. Russians are intensely inquisitive and familiar, and invariably know one another's business before the journey is half-an-hour old.

Soon a tall, elderly gentleman, with a beaver collar, and a highly-polished nose, looked at me curiously, and putting his hand on my kit-bag, muttered, in broken English: "A good English bag." Then patting it affectionately, he queried: "You're an Englishman?"

I nodded.

"I thought so," he continued. "I read in the MOSCOWSKIYA VEDOMOSTI that some Englishmen wear no beards, only moustaches, but I never believed it until now! You ought to grow a beard. It protects the throat. How much does a bag like that cost in London?"

My student gave me a nudge, which I interpreted "answer him civilly." I answered that bags like that cost three pounds ten shillings, but that if he ordered one, he

would have to pay the import duty.

"I am going to Moscow to see my son Pavel," continued my new friend. "He has just been expelled from the University for boxing the Rector's ears. His mother is there already. I am a notary. May I ask why you're going to Moscow?"

In conversation he said that he had seen copies of "*Pirson's Witkli*," but thought it was a Socialist organ, as it had a red cover. Then he smoothed his beard reflectively, and said: "Do you earn much money? I make nearly a thousand a year. House rents are frightful in Petersburg."

I began to enter into the spirit of the thing. I looked at him admiringly, and asked where I could buy a coat like his. He retorted by inquiring whether I was an Esquire or a Mister. After answering which, I asked him where he bought his shirts, how many daughters he had, and whether he had ever been exiled for speaking ill of the Tsar.

I wondered at the time whether all this was intended for a practical joke, but I learnt afterwards that it was the first rule of good manners in Russia to be frank and open with casual acquaintances.

Meantime, my other fellow-travellers were hard at work, talking at the top of their voices, smoking the eternal cigarette, and expectorating on the floor. The atmosphere grew unbearable, but when we arrived at Tchudovo, the first stopping-place, a young officer who went on to the platform was soundly

abused for leaving the door open.

At one in the morning we went to bed, but my fellow-travellers lay on their couches, and continued to smoke, expectorate, and say "tchort!" At last I fell asleep, and next morning was awakened by the conductor, who informed each passenger, in a confidential voice, that in ten minutes we should reach Klin, the last stopping-place north of Moscow.

Ten minutes later I was torn along in a mad race for the buffet where tea, with lemon, was consumed out of glasses, and tiny thimblefuls of vodka were gulped down by the hundred.

Russians do not eat breakfast, and most were content with dry rolls, while a few pulled snacks of fish off the plates with their fingers, and chewed them voraciously. A cavalry officer, in his eagerness, swallowed two of his false teeth, and walked in agony up and down the platform, exclaiming: "Tchort! This is worse than the Japontsi at Chemulpho."

It was only now I really began to see what the Russian country is like, for the thirty hours between the German frontier and St. Petersburg are spent chiefly in Polish and Lithuanian provinces.

There was the same eternal snow, pine, and birch, and scanty clearings, but the peasants were bigger, gaunter, and fairer. Isolated country houses or farms were never passed, but occasionally we came across a big village of three or four hundred huts huddled together, with small, snow-covered kitchen gardens in between. There was the invariably white-washed church,

with green roof and cupolas.

The only isolated dwellings were the railway watchmen's huts, and at each of these a man or woman came out, waved a green flag, and disappeared. Every verst (about two-thirds of a mile) of railway line in the Russian Empire, I gathered, has a watchman, or "storosh," whose business it is to patrol his section of the line and see that it is clear of snow, stones, or fallen trees. There are six thousand of these solitary watchmen on the line between Moscow and Port Arthur.

At half-past nine we began to pass through large villages, then through wooded suburbs, then among long streets of low-built, white-washed houses; and, finally, I saw far off an immense golden dome glittering in the sunlight.

"Moskva! That is the Temple of The Saviour, built to commemorate Napoleon's overthrow in 1812," said my student.

This was "Mother Moscow," and we crawled slowly into a big, beautifully-kept railway station. M. Dobroliuboff called out "artelatchik," in reply to which a dozen porters rushed into the carriage and struggled over our luggage. I looked out, and saw my inquisitive fellow-passenger of the beaver collar standing on the platform exchanging kisses with a long-haired priest.

[Next Week I shall Relate some of my Experiences in Moscow.]

WHY CRITICS WRITE NASTY NOTICES.

Overwork will Generally Account for This.

To most people the musical critic is a poor sort of creature. To spend one's life sitting listening to the efforts of other people, and then to write opinions of their performances is not thought a very creditable way of making a living.

Very few people think the musical critic a person worth any consideration at all. "He can do nothing himself," says the average man. "What business has he to sit in judgment upon others who can?"

As a matter of fact, the musical critic is at once one of the most learned and hardest worked men in any profession. True, he does not profess to sing or play an instrument perfectly himself, but he has to do more than that. He has to know exactly how another person should perform. He has to be able to say exactly where they commit faults, or in what respect they are really gifted. It is absurd to suppose that a man can write a criticism of a performance in ignorance of the principles of the art.

To be a capable critic, therefore, one must have studied music oneself with every bit as much energy as the performer. One must know sufficient about singing to be able to say exactly where a singer succeeds or fails in voice production, expression, enunciation, and the dozen or so other points upon which judgment is based.

One must know the technique of piano, violin, 'cello, organ, and a dozen other instruments in order to be able to express sound opinions on the way various artists perform.

Just think of it! While the pianist, violinist, or organist has given his or her life to the study of their instruments, the critic is expected to know everything about each of them, and be able to tell trained people where they succeed or fail.

A critic has to be able to listen to the performance of an orchestra, and not only must he be able to say where the conductor—perhaps a man who has studied and practised music all his life—distinguishes himself or makes errors, but he has to be able to detect the smallest flaw in the performance.

Perhaps the flautist is weak, or the trombonist at fault, perhaps the balance of strings and brass is imperfect. The critic must know. He must be able to say whether or not the conductor's beat is exact; whether he reads a piece of music as its composer intended. Even in an entirely new work, the critic must be able to judge in such a matter.

If you have looked down the front page of the DAILY TELEGRAPH during the Spring or Autumn you will have noticed that there are about twenty concerts advertised to take place within the forthcoming week. A conscientious critic has to attend every one of these.

Here is an average night's work during, say, May, for which a critic has to be responsible:

There is a new tenor or baritone, say, at the Opera. A violinist is making his first appearance at St. James' or Queen's Hall. At one of the smaller halls there is a pianoforte or vocal recital. At another hall, somebody or another is conducting an orchestral concert, with, perhaps, a new composition.

The critic must review each and all of the concerts in question. He begins, at eight o'clock, by hearing somebody play a solo at one hall. He jots down his impressions of the performance. Then, if he can afford it, he hires a cab and speeds away to concert No. 2, where the violinist is playing.

He hears one solo, and then has to fly in time to hear the new symphony at the orchestral concert. He looks in at the pianoforte or vocal recital, judges the performance, then orders his hansom to the Opera, where he is able to hear enough of the last act to get an idea of the new singer's capacities.

Just picture the state of his mind at the end of such an evening. He does not merely listen to the music as most of us do, to gain pleasure, but he has to be able to record exactly where a performance is good or bad. Five concerts and an opera in an evening is somewhere about the average during the Spring season. In the Autumn it is little better.

In the afternoon the crush of fixtures is just as bewildering.

After the round of entertainments is over, he has to hurry to his office and write a clear account of each performance to appear in next morning's paper.

If he makes the smallest error in judgment, he will receive angry protests, and be set down as an ignoramus. People will talk of the "utter nonsense one reads in the papers," and will wonder "why they don't take the trouble to learn something before they write about music."

And yet that poor critic has probably been burning the midnight oil for years making himself acquainted with the theory of the art with which he is supposed to be familiar.

The number of tickets for performances which reaches a musical critic during the season is alarming. And if one of them is neglected protests are sent in.

And then people wonder why critics are so cynical and write such spiteful things. The reason is clear.

Theirs is one of the most arduous professions in existence.

The second number of THE RAPID REVIEW—the new magazine of current events and literature—is now on sale. Sixpence everywhere.

Famous "Scenes" in the House of Commons.

The King was Once Asked to Withdraw.

While on Different Occasions Members have been Forcibly Ejected.

WHAT was, perhaps, the most remarkable "scene" enacted in the House of Commons since the days of Cromwell, had its origin, curiously enough, in a comparatively trifling and unimportant incident.

The date was July 27th, 1893; the hour ten o'clock at night. Mr. Chamberlain was "pitching in" to Mr. Gladstone, and, just as the closure fell, somebody shouted out "Judas."

This unparliamentary epithet was promptly reported to the Chairman, and he replied that the expression had not reached his ears, and ordered the division to be proceeded with.

Thereupon some few Conservatives refused to leave their seats. But still there was no sign of any active disturbance, when, suddenly, a gentleman named Hayes-Fisher seized a certain Mr. Logan by the coat collar.

Then, indeed, the "fat was in the fire," and at once. First one member, and then another, joined in the scrimmage. The Irishmen, true to the traditions of their race, rushed back into the House from the division lobby to "bear a hand in the fun," only, however, to be met in the doorway by the pugnacious and redoubtable Colonel Saunderson, who "floored" two or three of them most effectively and scientifically ere he himself was sent sprawling by

a well-directed left-hander.

John Burns was also in the thick of it, but his efforts were entirely directed to quelling the disturbance by pulling the combatants asunder. In the end the Speaker was sent for and peace was restored, but not before the undignified brawl had been carried to such lengths as to draw down from the Strangers' Gallery a storm of well-deserved hisses.

Curiously enough, the next really serious Parliamentary "upset" was also about a division, but this time it was the Irish Members who refused to go into the lobbies. The House happened to be in Committee at the time, and the Chairman, warned probably by past happenings, promptly sent for the Speaker.

That high official at once "named" the offenders, and their suspension was moved and carried.

Still, however, they declined to budge. Whereupon the Speaker leant down, spoke a few words to a messenger, who hurried outside into Palace Yard, and, almost ere the rebellious Members knew what was happening, a score of sturdy policemen had

marched in and surrounded them.

But even then there was no passive yielding to overwhelming force. On the contrary, the Irishmen resisted to the uttermost, and had to be carried out bodily, kicking, struggling, and squealing.

Among the most violent was Mr. Crean, who "floored" Colonel Saunderson in 1893, and who was said to have monopolised the attentions of ten constables for ten full minutes.

Mr. M'Hugh, the editor of the SLIGO CHAMPION, also "distinguished" himself after a similar fashion; while Mr. Flavin, a gigantic Kerry man, was heard boasting next day that it took fifteen of the "Sassenach hirelings" to "down" him.

This was the first occasion on which outside force had been employed to coerce the people's representatives within the "sacred precincts" of the House itself since that memorable April afternoon, in the year 1653, when Oliver Cromwell, taking with him a band of soldiers and also gathering up the sentinels from the sentry-boxes as he came along, unceremoniously

"dissolved" the Long Parliament.

But similar stern measures have not infrequently been resorted to by the attendants of the House. By them, for instance, Charles Bradlaugh was forcibly ejected, in 1883, after delivering what Mr. Gladstone afterwards said was the finest speech he had ever heard at the Bar of the House.

On another occasion it was the ladies who brought upon themselves a like ignominy. Grown bold through tolerance, they invaded the floor of the House, and, on being called upon by the Speaker to withdraw, actually defied the authority of the Chair.

Of course, this could not be permitted, and force was employed to compel them to leave. It took nearly two hours, however, ere the last fair rebel was got outside; and ever since then they have been compelled to ensconce themselves behind the grille, in a position where the Speaker's eye need never officially rest upon them, silent, and theoretically absent.

An exceedingly turbulent scene, and one which, according to modern ideas, was entirely unjustifiable, was that provoked, in 1872, by Sir Charles Dilke's opposition to the Royal Grant.

Similar motions are now frequently made, as a matter of course, and without creating the tiniest ripple of excitement. But this one was the first of its kind, and old-fashioned Conservatives, as well as some Liberals, regarded it as little less than a species of sacrilege.

No sooner had Sir Charles commenced his speech than someone moved to exclude the reporters. The motion was carried. And then the House gave itself up to a delirium of disapproval.

Yells, howls, cockcrows, drowned every attempt of the honourable baronet to make himself heard. His seconder, Mr. Auberon Herbert, fared no better. And, in the end, they had to resume their seats, having utterly failed to address a single intelligible sentence to the assemblage they hoped to convert to their way of thinking.

Perhaps the late Mr. J. G. Biggar was responsible for more Parliamentary scenes than any other Member before or since. He it was who led the twenty-five Irish Members suspended by Speaker Brand "for deliberate and planned obstruction" on

that memorable July morn in 1882.

He it was, too, who once caused our present King, then, of course, Prince of Wales, to be turned out of the House. His Royal Highness was, on that particular occasion, technically a "stranger," and under the rules of Parliamentary procedure then in vogue the Speaker had no option, when Mr. Biggar persisted, but to request him to withdraw.

But the fury of nine-tenths of the rest of the Members at the insult offered to Royalty was frightful to witness. Indeed, for a while, fears were entertained for the sturdy old pig-jobber's personal safety.

But of all the many minor scenes that have from time to time upset the equanimity of the House, the most curious, perhaps, was that which had its origin, on August 5th, 1871, in the reading of a message from the Queen concerning Prince Arthur—the Duke of Connaught.

The Speaker, as is the custom in such cases, received the document from the Prime Minister, and

started reading as follows:

"Victoria Regina.—Her Majesty being desirous of making competent provision for the honourable support of her third son, Prince Arthur, on his coming of age, relies on the attachment of the *House of Peers*"—here the Speaker stopped confused, while a loud murmur of surprise broke forth from the assembled Members.

In the midst of the turmoil Gladstone rose, and remarked confusedly that a mistake had been made. "I move," he went, "that the consideration of the message be deferred until Monday next."

This, however, was greeted with loud cries of "What message?" "We have no message." The Prime Minister looked about him helplessly, as if not knowing what to do. But just then a messenger from the Upper House arrived in hot haste. There, too, he explained, they were in a similar predicament. They had got a message addressed to Her Majesty's "Faithful Commons."

A great shout of laughter went up as the messages were exchanged, and this gave place to ironical cheers as Gladstone again presented himself at the Bar.

He, too, could scarcely keep from smiling. But in his heart he was exceedingly angry. And it is said that the official responsible for mixing up the two documents got one of the worst wiggings he ever had in his life.

"WELL, Mary, what did they say to you at your Maidservants' Guild this evening?"

"They said, mum, as I wasn't to give you warnin' as I'd intended. I was to look on you as my thorn, and bear you."

TOMMY: "When you want to call a person selfish you always say he's looking out for number one, don't you?"

Pa: "Unless you are speaking of a widow, my son. She's looking out for number two."

"THAT last speaker," said the first guest of the banquet, "was quite entertaining."

"Yes," replied the other, "and he's a self-made man, too."

"I thought his delivery rather slow, though."

"That's natural. He began life as a messenger boy."

CLARA: "I don't think Grace cares very much for her husband."

Jessie: "Why?"

Clara: "Well, he was detained at his office until eight o'clock one evening last week, and it never occurred to her that he might be killed or something!"

"PILLS PROHIBITED HERE."

Some of the Things that Nations Boycott.

A BRITISH firm has lodged a claim against the Turkish Government on account of the destruction at Salonika of a consignment of several thousand watch springs.

They were sent in the ordinary way of business to a firm in that place, and were confiscated and broken to pieces by the custom house officials.

These latter now defend their action in the matter, by quoting an order from the Sultan to the effect that watch springs are no longer permitted to be imported into the country, as it has been discovered that they are mostly utilised, not for the purpose they are properly intended for, but to construct clockwork infernal machines for the Macedonian revolutionists.

Typewriters have also been boycotted after a similar fashion, and that not only in the disturbed provinces, but throughout the Turkish empire. The reason given by the Porte is that the machines were being used by the Young Turkish party as secret printing-presses for the manifolding of treasonable literature.

Morocco forbids the importation of firearms. Rifles that cost thirty shillings apiece to manufacture in Birmingham could be readily sold to the semi-independent tribesmen of that turbulent empire for £10 or £12 each, so eager are they to possess reliable modern weapons. But the Sultan is adamant, and no trade can be done, unless illegitimately and at the risk of one's neck.

In Persia, too, a similar prohibition exists. But in this case it is really the British Government—acting, of course, through the Shah—that is responsible for the boycott.

It was found that rifles consigned to Persian ports had a knack of finding their way eventually to Kabul. And our Foreign Office has its own reasons for not wishing the present Amir to accumulate too large a store of death-dealing weapons within the walls of his capital.

China objects to all kinds of pills and potions, principally, it is alleged, because the authorities suspect that they may possibly contain opium in some guise or other. The importation of this latter drug is, of course, only permitted under severe restrictions.

Several times the Chinese Government have tried to strangle the traffic altogether, but always unsuccessfully. Once they went to war with ourselves about it, and during the time hostilities were on and pending—about five years—not an ounce of the precious stuff got into the country through legitimate channels.

Large quantities were, however, smuggled in, mostly by daring, desperate men, who took their lives in their hands. Small, swift vessels, known as "opium clippers," were specially built for the tabooed trade, and huge fortunes were realised by the successful adventurers.

King Khama visited Britain a few years ago, his object being to get us to agree not to permit intoxicants to be imported into his country. To our credit, be it said, he was successful. We also agreed to discourage, by every means in our power, the trade in "Brummagem" metal idols, thousands of which, he regretfully urged, found their way into his dominions every year.

You may not bring card "counters," or any objects resembling them, into the principality of Monaco. The reason for this restriction is that, some time back, some enterprising American "crooks" swindled the "administration" out of several hundred thousand francs by means of forged red, white, and blue "chips," made to exactly represent those then used at the gambling tables.

By a clause in a special treaty, concluded soon after the first Punjab War, the Maharajah of Kashmir has the right—which he exercises—of prohibiting the importation into his territories of pork pies.

Umbrellas were not allowed, prior to the last war, to enter Ashanti.

Dolls, "whether wooden or wax," are strictly tabooed at all the three "ports of entry" of German New Guinea. This is in deference to the representations of the missionaries, who complained that the natives utilised the toys in their idolatrous rites—made "gods" of them, in fact. Since 1899, too, ninepins have been similarly "black-listed," and for similar reasons.

The so-called "Vienna rolls," which are baked in millions in Hungary and specially flavoured with spice and carraway seeds, are not permitted to be sent across the frontier into Roumania, they being shaped like a crescent, and therefore calculated to offend the susceptibilities of the Mohammedan section of the population of that turbulent principality.

So late as 1887, Li Hsi, Emperor of Korea, issued an edict forbidding, under pain of death, the importation into his dominions of—amongst other things—hats, knives, salt, lucifer matches, and edible birds' nests. Costa Rica objects to cameras, Columbia to cigarettes, Japan to tobacco in any shape or form.

If you bring brandy into Russia, you do so at your peril, its importation being strictly forbidden.

Tibet will not permit a single squib, cracker, or rocket to enter her inhospitable borders; bicycles and pins are alike tabooed by Portugal; while Greece confiscates all playing-cards that are not of her own manufacture.

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Cormorants as Fog Signals

Birds and Beasts that Give Men Warning.

The Chiloe Islanders Utilise Crabs as Living Barometers.

While in the East, Rats Foretell the Advent of the Plague by Dying.

THE usefulness or otherwise of the cormorant has been under discussion by the Isle of Wight County Council.

Its extreme destructiveness to fish was pointed out, and admitted, but, on the other hand, Admiral Sir A. de Horsey urged that this sea fowl was valuable as showing mariners, during times of fog, when they are nearing land.

The same may be said of several other species of aquatic birds, while the warning of bad weather to come given by the stormy petrel is proverbial.

In Canada the farmers can foretell in the autumn whether the coming winter will be mild or severe by the manner in which the musk-rats build their homes. If they are put together lightly and unsubstantially the first-named conditions will prevail, the latter if they are solidly constructed.

When the Araucanian Indians dwelling on the Chiloe Islands wish to ascertain whether the weather is likely to be fine, they catch and corral a particular species of land crab which abounds there, and whose shell is so peculiarly sensitive to atmospheric change as to constitute its owner a

perfect walking barometer.

In dry weather it is nearly white, but with the approach of moisture small red spots appear upon the upper surface. These increase in number and size with the increase of humidity until the rain comes, when the shell becomes all red, and remains so until the clouds break and the sun shines out once more.

The value of bees as weather indicators has been recognised everywhere, and from the earliest times, but it has been left for Professor Emmerig, of the Royal Seminary in Laningen, Germany, to confirm scientifically the ancient belief.

This eminent savant conducted a series of experiments extending over a number of years, the result being to prove that the bees were more to be relied upon than the most delicate instruments constructed by man.

The insects, as all apiarists know, are usually among the most docile and good-humoured of creatures, and show no disposition to sting

unless they are provoked.

But if a storm is impending, they become restless and irritable, and are dangerous to approach.

And this, Professor Emmerig found, held good always, without fail. If the bees predict a storm when the barometers all round indicate fine weather—as sometimes happens—the insects will prove the truer prophets.

While, conversely, if the instruments give even the most emphatic of storm warnings, there is no need to trouble if the bees keep quiet.

The snowy owl, the "katyogle" of the Scottish peasantry, is believed by the Shetlanders to give warning of impending dissolution three days in advance.

Be this as it may, the bird's uncanny partiality for sick and dying persons is a well-known fact, and capable of abundant proof.

The curlew is most certainly a storm-bringer, or, rather, a storm-harbinger, there being plenty of instances of great gales being foretold by its

sudden appearance and unusual behaviour.

So the chattering and chuckling of seagulls, and fluttering of all sea fowl in calms, cleaning their feathers, is a sure sign of bad weather.

On the other hand, the "halcyon days" which the kingfisher brings with it are everywhere proverbial.

The cuckoo, also, is a noted weather bird, and country folk in the southern shires listen eagerly for its first notes in the Spring. If its cry is short and sharp, it will be cold and dry, while the advent of warm, humid weather is denoted when the notes are long drawn out.

A sudden and prolonged silence after it has once begun its regular love-call is held in parts of England to foretell an equinoctial gale, and such a gale is a "gowk-storm"—after the bird.

Dolphins and porpoises, when they come about a ship and sport and gambol on the surface of the water, portend a storm.

The appearance of numerous cuttle-fish on top of the water is also esteemed by sailors a certain sign of foul weather approaching.

That rats will quit of their own accord an unseaworthy ship is an axiom with most mariners, and many lives have been saved by acting on the belief.

There is a certain small species of gull, usually very shy and wary, whose advent on board a ship is held to imply that distressed mariners are near and need assistance.

This sounds fanciful to landsmen, and, perhaps, is so; but seamen believe in it implicitly, and adduce plenty of instances to prove the truth of their assertion.

One of these is historical. Captain Johnson, of the Norwegian barque *Ellen*, was visited by such a bird, which came flying from the north-east and circled round and round him so closely as to graze his shoulder.

He at once altered his course in obedience to the bird-borne warning, as he considered it, and a few hours later he sighted a drifting raft, with upon it forty-nine of the wrecked crew of the steamer *Central America*.

"I should not have put my ship about for a little thing," he is reported to have said afterwards, "but every sailor knows that life and death hang in the balance when that particular bird acts as did the one in question."

Many old-time beliefs in animal warnings, which later on were scouted and laughed at, have recently been revived and been found capable

of strictly scientific proof.

The case of the bees and the weather has already been mentioned. But even more startling is the connection between rats and the plague.

"When rats die men should fly," says a three-centuries-old Chinese proverb.

All the old writers on the plague, and most of those of later date, laughed at this "superstition," as they called it.

Yet the warning embodied in the saying is a perfectly true and wise one, and if it had been strictly acted upon it might have been the means of saving literally millions of lives.

Practically all the recent great epidemics of plague have been preceded by a sudden and remarkable increase of mortality among the local rats. At Hong Kong, a few years back, tens of thousands of them were found dead and dying in the streets and in the houses weeks before a single case of the disease was reported among the human beings there.

The reason is, of course, that the plague poison is a soil-borne one, and the rats, being subterranean animals, are the first to come in contact with the noxious exhalations.

This fact is well-known to the rodent in question, which, wiser than man, frequently seeks safety in flight from infected districts. Hence the "armies of rats" which have so frequently been reported as migrating on sundry occasions from plague-stricken localities.

SORRY HE SPOKE.

THE little blue-eyed child was doing his best to howl off the roof of the express train, and the nervous man in the corner felt it was time something was done.

"Madam," he said, "is there nothing we can do to pacify the little—er—angel?"

"Oh, thank you, if you would!" was the fond mother's reply. "He only wants humouring, that's all. You see, he wants to throw his jam tart at the passengers, but I was afraid they wouldn't like it, so I told him he mustn't. But since you're so kind, sir, stay where you are. And now stop crying, darling, this nice gentleman wants to play with you."

COULDN'T DO WITHOUT HIM.

A THEATRICAL company had arrived at an "out-of-the-way place" in the Western States of America, and duly occupied the Town Hall and Opera House, a kind of barn which also served as a schoolhouse in the daytime and a chapel on Sundays.

The local musicians were impressed into the orchestra, and the rehearsal commenced. The man who played the flute was outrageously bad. The manager bit his lips and groaned for a time, but was at last obliged to say:

"See here, Mr. Flute-player, we sha'n't want you."

"What's that?" cried the instrumentalist.

"We must dispense with your services."

"You can't," retorted the musician. "If I don't play the flute, you can't perform. I'll withdraw your license. I'm the mayor of this city!"

He played.

YOUNG DOCTOR: "Did you diagnose his case as appendicitis, or merely the cramp?"

Old Doctor: "Cramp. He hadn't money enough for appendicitis."

ALGERNON: "Tommy, do you think your sister would marry me?"

Tommy: "Yes, she'd marry almost anybody, from what she said to ma."

A CELEBRATED man was once asked what was the earliest thing he could remember. He said it was being left alone by his nurse in his cradle, and resolving to tell of her neglect of duty as soon as he could speak.

HOW RAILWAY CO.'S COLLECT DEBTS

The Queer Adventures of a Collector.

ALMOST every great railway employs an official whose duty it is to collect from the public small sums of money owing to the company from a hundred and one different causes. The amount to be collected seldom exceeds £5, and is often so low as 2s. 6d.

"A few years ago," said one of these officials, "I was indirectly instrumental in laying by the heels a notorious gang of coiners. A heavy package had been delivered by one of our vans at a certain address in East London, and although there was 5s. 6d. to pay on it, our carman (acting contrary to his instructions) left the parcel without receiving payment for it.

"The man called for the money on the following day, but the house appeared to be closed, and repeated applications for payment by letter also met with no response. The account was then put into my hands for collection. I called at the house, but no notice was taken of my repeated knocks, so I walked a little way off and patiently awaited developments.

"In the evening a woman came out of the house with a basket in her hand, and as she was about to enter a baker's shop, I tapped her on the shoulder and asked for the money she owed the railway company.

"She started violently, and I was most pleasantly surprised when, without any remark, she handed me three half-crowns. I gave her the change, along with the receipt, and then jumped on to a 'bus.

"Later, I tendered the conductor one of the half-crowns in payment of my fare, but he bit it and said it 'tasted wrong.' To make a long story short, the coins proved to be counterfeit, the matter was put into the hands of the police, and a few months later I was called upon to give evidence at the Old Bailey.

"A rather puzzling case was that of a man in the South of England who had advertised a dog (a lurcher) for sale in one of the sporting papers. He received a reply from Yorkshire, and dispatched the dog by rail, carriage paid.

"The consignee did not like the animal, and returned it to the sender, carriage forward, but the advertiser refused to pay the railway charges. The company did not mind who paid the carriage so long as the money was forthcoming from somewhere. Things were at a deadlock.

"I entered into endless correspondence with the persons concerned, and received numerous lawyers' letters. Finally I solved the difficulty to the satisfaction of all parties by paying the charges, amounting to 6s., and keeping the animal myself.

"On one occasion I had to collect the sum of tenpence from a man who had travelled several stations beyond that for which his ticket was available. The address he had given to the collector was a notorious thoroughfare in the East End.

"I called, and a lady whom I found lolling outside against the door of the house directed me to go upstairs to the second floor back, where I should probably find my man at home. I ascended the stairs and knocked. A stentorian voice bade me enter. It was early afternoon, but the object of my search, an ill-favoured and gigantic Irishman, had not yet risen from his bed.

"My host was at first inclined to be genial, but when he heard that I had called to collect the sum of tenpence, a malign grin lighted up his features. 'Shure an' it's tinpence ye want,' said he. 'Well, we'll jist have a little game of cards for it.'

"As he spoke he produced from under his pillow some villainously dirty playing-cards.

"'Cut the cards,' said he, but I declined. 'Very well, I'll have to cut them for you. If your cut is higher than mine you shall have your money. If you cut lower, I'll strangle you dead for shure for daring to intrude upon my privacy. Now watch me cut for myself.'

"The ruffian critically surveyed the cards, and, with an oath, turned up the five of hearts. He was about to cut again when something prompted me to test my luck for myself. 'Stop,' I cried. 'I will cut them after all.' I did so, and turned up the ace of clubs; but I had barely had time to pleasantly remark that my opponent owed me tenpence, when the hooligan sprang from his bed, shouting as he did so:

"'Rats! In cutting, ace counts low!'

"Luckily for me the door of the room was ajar, and I raced down those rickety stairs and out into the street, pursued by the Irishman in his nightshirt. The company is still whistling for that tenpence.

"Racing men and East End aliens are, we find, the most difficult persons from whom to recover money. The latter, more often than not, give the address of some common lodging-house in Mile End, Whitechapel, or Spitalfields, and on inquiry it is found that there are a score of foreigners, bearing the same name, known to the establishment.

"A considerable sum of money is sometimes spent by railway companies in trying to collect a few shillings, and when the offender is at length run to earth it often happens that he is penniless."

The second number of THE RAPID REVIEW—the new magazine of current events and literature—is now on sale. Sixpence everywhere.

When Actors Improve on the Author to Save the Piece.

A Chorus Girl Once Saved the Situation at Drury Lane.

While Arthur Roberts is a Champion "Gagger."

ONE of an actor's most important gifts is the ability to "gag"—that is, to invent a line not in the playwright's text, which will save the piece from collapse.

Something unexpected happens. One of the actors is momentarily delayed, something goes wrong with the scenery, somebody has lost his nerve, and forgotten an important passage. The piece threatens to collapse, and the actors, author, and all concerned look ridiculous—then, some player has a happy thought, an inspiration, and the situation is saved with credit.

A pantomime is being produced, and, say, the ballroom scene is not ready. What has to be done? Simply that the actors who hold the stage must keep the ball rolling by invented witticisms until they are ordered to stop.

Sometimes this is well done, sometimes badly. When really well done, the "lines" thus invented are kept in the piece, and the inventor's reputation—and, perhaps, salary—increased. If it is badly done, then the whole show may suffer.

Miss May Yohe was once to have appeared at a wedding breakfast in a bridal costume. Some accident happened in her dressing-room, and, at the crucial moment, the heroine was absent. Up jumped one of the actors, and made an intensely comical wedding breakfast speech,

which brought down the house

and saved the piece from failure. The speech was afterwards kept in the play, and greatly added to the actor's standing.

Arthur Roberts is a champion "gagger." He has rarely been known to fail when called upon to save the situation by a bit of improvised wit. Once, in Edinburgh, while he was on the stage, a "property" house fell down. Arthur was far too smart to allow the audience to laugh at, and not with him. Quick as thought, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, my life's ambition is fulfilled. I've brought down the house." The spectators roared.

An absurd stage accident has been known to absolutely add to the drama on more than one occasion. For instance, in one melodrama there was a shipwreck scene, in which the angry breakers were worked by stage hands running to and fro covered with canvas.

Suddenly one of these "waves" got loose from his covering and appeared

in full view of the audience.

What fearful ridicule would have befallen the piece had not one of the actors grasped the situation.

"Man overboard!" he yelled, and threw a rope to the stage hand, who grasped it, and was hauled on board, amid the cheers of the audience, who really thought it quite a fine dramatic touch.

Sometimes, in cases of stage fright, the situation has been saved, but only greatly at the expense of the nervous actor.

Once Barry Sullivan was playing *Richard the Third*. In the last act, after Richard's dream, Ratcliff enters, and speaks three lines, beginning "Ratcliff, my lord, 'tis I: the early village cock," and so on.

The Ratcliff on this occasion stopped dead with fright after these lines, cowed by the awful Richard.

Sullivan eyed the poor wretch for a few seconds, and then said: "Why the thunder don't you crow then?" Though it wasn't Shakespeare, the audience took as it such, and laughed. Meanwhile Richard

took up his own lines.

In burlesque this kind of thing is often indulged in deliberately by the players—and goes down with the audience. Once, at the Gaiety, a mime was supposed to come on in a hunting costume, but, at the last moment, found no other covering than his tights. Nevertheless, he had to go on.

Mr. Lonnen, who was on the stage, had to say to the other: "What have you been doing?" The answer was: "I've been hunting," to which Mr. Lonnen improvised the cruel thrust: "Oh, you look as though you'd been bathing."

The worst sufferer from this impromptu was the victim, who collapsed with laughter for the rest of the scene.

It has often fallen to the lot of a mere chorus girl in pantomime to save the situation, if only in a small way. In *Monte Cristo*, at Drury Lane, some years ago, one of the lines is: "Perhaps his train he's missed, oh"; to which the chorus must reply, in rhyme: "The Count of Monte Cristo." But the speaker of the first line once came out with: "Perhaps he's missed his train, oh."

The chorus stuck for a moment in silence. Their line would be rhymeless and stupid. Then the leader saved matters, and led with: "The Count of Drury Lane, oh."

A one-time famous actress of the Sadlers Wells Theatre once put an actor in a ridiculous position. She was playing the part of a Queen, and during a scene an attendant enters with an important message. The actress was in a curious humour from some cause or another, and when the attendant entered she greeted him with the unexpected command: "Leave us. We would be alone."

The attendant began: "But your Majesty——" The Queen still commanded him to leave her, but though completely baffled, the actor managed to retreat with a saved dignity.

"Her Majesty seems in one of her strange moods," he said, and went off to find the stage manager almost fainting with fear. But the Queen pulled herself together, and recovered after an anxious moment, and the attendant made a second entry, this time without rebuff.

American actors are notorious "guyers." *P.W.* witnessed a play in New York in which the company were in fits of laughter during the whole piece through the "asides" of the leading comic, who seemed keener on amusing the company than the audience, judging by the way in which he spoke the author's lines. It turned out that he had been chaffing everybody beneath his breath

the whole evening.

The American method is fatal to gravity. Once a company were playing at a *matinée* in Philadelphia on a festival day. The affair had not been advertised, so the house was occupied by exactly six people. One of the actors enters and greets the other with the line: "At last we are alone."

Gazing at the audience, he added hurriedly: "At least we are pretty well. There's only six people here, so it don't matter." What the six thought is not known.

Another time, one of the lines was: "What's that strange noise?" "Perhaps," replied the same actor aloud, "it's Brown with the salaries."

Fearful things have happened at Covent Garden owing to the eccentricities of the dragon in Wagner's *Siegfried*. This creature is hollow, and covered with cloth. His movements are controlled within by two men. He sings music—that is to say, a singer below does, through a megaphone. Meanwhile, the dragon hisses steam and venom from his mouth by means of a steam pipe.

Once one of the two occupants of the beast got entangled in the steam pipe and received a whiff of the vapour in his face. He could not move his body, but nothing restrained his tongue. The audience heard the dragon, all over the house, indulging in

the most fearful language.

Once De Wolf Hopper was playing in *El Capitan*. He had to sing two verses of a song. Behind the scene was preparing the advance of the rebel army, but something had gone wrong with the works. He had to go on singing verses until matters were all right.

He did so, but to explain to the audience the reason for his exceptionally generous encores, he pointed across his shoulder with his thumb, and, with a confidential whisper, said in awful tones: "The plot's thickening."

Fearful havoc has, of course, been caused by slips of the tongue, particularly to the gravity of the actors themselves. In *Anthony and Cleopatra*, an actor once surprised the audience by saying in hoarse tones: "I'll quottle this threen."

Another awful slip was at the St. James', when Mr. Alexander was playing Villon in *If I were King*. "My throat," he said, "is piped with parching." He meant "parched with piping."

Lines have often been inserted into a piece with a view to checking bad manners on the part of a member of the audience. Miss Lottie Collins was playing in a piece called *The Dressmaker*, and was much annoyed by a man in a box, whose feet were deposited on the balustrade.

When Miss Collins came to the lines: "Well, never mind, he's a man," she looked fiercely towards this person and added: "And that's more than that individual in the box is." The remark was received with loud cheers and hisses, and the objectionable one was removed from the theatre.

WILLIE: "Would you be willing to share my lot in life, dear?"

Jillie: "What is the amount of the lot?"

CUSTOMER (to popular barber): "What is the first requisite of success in your business?"

Barber: "Cheeks, sir, plenty of cheeks."

MISS D'ANGLEMONT: "I suppose you call your dog Cupid because he is such a love of a dog?"

Mr. D'Aulan: "Not exactly. You see, he is blind."

GETTING GOLD FROM STONES.

How Sham Jewels are Made and What They are Made Of.

AMONG all precious stones few are so extensively imitated as the pearl. The real article is a silvery-white, iridescent gem, extracted from the pearl-oyster. The real pearl is really an unfructified egg of the oyster.

Its imitation is arrived at by a chemical process. The liquor employed in the manufacture is called "essence d'orient." The base of this compound is prepared by throwing into water of ammonia the brilliant scales of a small river fish called the blay. The white of the scales of the bleak fish is sometimes used, as well as that of the dace and roach.

The scales are first carefully washed and put to soak in water, when the pearly-like film falls away and forms a sediment at the bottom of the vessel. This sediment is worth to the manufacturer £5 an ounce.

White wax or mucilage of gum-arabic forms part of the mixture proper for the more important and expensive imitations, such as those made to imitate the rare Oriental pearls which fetch fabulous prices.

A four-rowed necklace of real pearls costs from £500 to £1,000, whereas the imitation article, so perfect in appearance and touch as to deceive the practised eye, only costs from about £20 to perhaps £50. The imitation pearls are blown into shape by a patent process, and sometimes they are rolled in a cylinder.

Even among the titled-classes and moneyed persons the more expensive artificial pearls are very largely worn. A well-known nobleman's wife, for instance, sports a necklace which cost but 30 guineas, and it has often been guessed at £500.

The diamond is popularly supposed to be the most expensive precious stone, but a good ruby will fetch a longer price, carat for carat, than even a good diamond.

If invested with the real pigeon blood colour, evenly distributed and without flaw, a ruby is valued at ten times the worth of a diamond. The ruby, like the pearl, is, therefore, a favourite target for imitation.

In France, where the making of "precious" stones is almost wholly carried out, they are able to collect the dust of ruby stones and by means of a new electrical process fuse it into one stone. Of course, this can hardly be said to be an imitation, as the new stone has all the chemical and physical characteristics of the real article.

It is in every respect a ruby. But, singular to say, the jewellers look askance at it and declare that it is not genuine. They call it a "reconstructed" ruby, and let it pass at that. It has no defects, not the least sign of one, and herein lies the cause why the trade condemns it. It is too perfect.

When, a few years ago, this manufactured ruby came on the market, the precious thing could only be procured from one merchant in Paris, the man who held the secret and told it to nobody. Buyers, even the smartest connoisseurs, marvelled among themselves and wondered where the gems were found.

People paid so much as £20 a carat (a weight of four grains), and £100 for a stone weighing but five carats. The boom did not last for long. It soon leaked out that the new rubies from Paris were "made" by art, and then the price dropped down to £6 a carat.

Art cannot produce as large a specimen of the ruby as it can of the pearl. Imitation rubies are made small, but they deceive just the same. They are produced chemically by fusion of alumina.

The emerald is another stone which is cleverly imitated. A perfect emerald is the rarest stone in the world, though the trade ranks it after the ruby and the diamond. The best emeralds come from Peru, the imitations from France, and a few from Birmingham. The real article becomes electric by friction, and herein lies the difference between it and the imitation.

In the making of the latter oxide of chromium enters largely into the composition, the paste being made up of a green crystallised mineral which is to be found in Asia, and to which protoxide of copper and silica are added.

Many precious stones are imitated in the form of what the trade calls "doublets." A thin layer, a mere shaving, of the real stone is cunningly cemented on to an artificial base having all the outward characteristics of the genuine article. Few jewellers, if any at all, would pass this off on anyone as a real, solid, genuine article; but when once it is donned it plays the part of the real thing to perfection.

Artificial diamonds flood the market. The nature of the real article is simply pure carbon in a crystallised condition, and modern chemistry is so advanced nowadays as to be able to show the way out of the difficulty of making a "precious" diamond.

Two gigantic efforts were made at different times in Glasgow to produce diamonds made by art. The first attempt was made by a Mr. MacTear, and the second by Mr. Ballantine Hannay, who succeeded.

It is a singular fact that whilst the working classes of the country patronise either the commonest imitation stuff or the genuine only, the bulk of the wealthier and leisured classes buy the more expensive imitation articles and leave the real, speaking in a general way, severely alone.

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THIS WILL INTEREST ANYONE SUFFERING WITH ECZEMA.

Mr. W. G. Weston, care of Messrs. Knott, of 49, Essex Street, Kingsland Road, N.E., writes: "I feel my duty to inform you of the great benefit in health have received through taking your famous 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I have been a sufferer from Eczema d as irritating skin trouble since the age of thirteen. y father was speaking one day to a friend of mine, o mentioned that he was being cured of an ulcerated , due to a horse-kick, by 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' continued, however, to suffer until April 4th last, en my friend told me he was completely cured. en I started to take 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' myf, and I am now completely cured, after suffering d being disfigured for several years. I am able to llow my employment, and am very pleased to think ere is such a valuable remedy obtainable for such a all sum. I should be pleased to answer any quiries concerning my case."—July 17th, 1903.

A VALUABLE LESSON FOR SUFFERERS WITH BAD LEGS, ETC.

Mr. James Waring, of Clay Coton Lodge, near Rugby, writes: "It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' For a long time I suffered with bad legs and abscesses. I was under a doctor for five months, and, not getting much better, I went as an out-patient to the local hospital for nine weeks. The doctor then told me I should have to go inside before he could do anything for me. I went in and stayed for thirteen weeks, and after undergoing two operations I got a little better. Before I had been out of hospital a week I became worse than ever, so my wife told me to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I did so, and after taking five bottles and using four pots of your salve I was completely cured. I have waited about twelve months to see if my legs broke out again, but, thanks to your 'Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture,' I am as well to-day as I have ever been in my life. You can make whatever use you like of this letter."—October 15th, 1903.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS MEDICINE.

About forty years ago a well-known chemist of Lincoln, after years of study, perfected a medicine which, after every test, was pronounced the finest remedy for cleansing the Blood from every impurity, from whatever cause arising. This famous medicine is known throughout the world as Clarke's Blood Mixture. A specially interesting fact is that many thousands of letters have been received bearing testimony of the wonderful effect this medicine has upon diseases of the Blood and Skin, and in every case these testimonials have been entirely unsolicited. Clarke's Blood Mixture will permanently cure Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Ulcerated Legs, Blood Poison, Eruptions, Boils, Gout, Rheumatism, and other Blood and Skin Diseases. This mixture is pleasant to the taste and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age. Of all Chemists and Stores.

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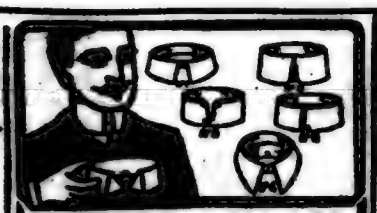

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ISOBEL will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES PAGE.

Before Broiling always throw a little salt on the coals to clear the fire and prevent a blaze from the dripping fat.

To Clean Earthenware Sinks, rub the discoloured part with a hearthstone moistened with hot water. Many stains will come off if a crystal soap is used, and the others a scouring with hearthstone will erase. (*Reply to* SCARBOROUGH.)

Savoury Boiled Beef. Take six pounds of thick brisket of beef and put it in a large sauce-pan with one pound of salt, an onion stuck with cloves, a piece of mace, six long peppers, six allspice, carrots and turnips. Cover with water, and cook slowly for three hours and a half. When done, slip out the bones and press till cold. Brush over with glaze, and serve.

Horseradish Sauce. Put one ounce and a half of finely grated horseradish into a basin, add a teaspoonful of white sugar, a little raw mustard, some salt, and cayenne pepper. Moisten all with a tablespoonful of white vinegar. Stir in gradually a gill of cream or milk, and whisk all gently for a few minutes. (*Reply to* SOUTH CROYDON.)

Stewed Mutton with Macaroni. Cut a half to one pound of mutton into small pieces. Put a layer of carrots, turnips, and celery into a sauce-pan, then a layer of meat, then seasonings and more vegetables. Add two quarts of cold water, bring to the boil, then simmer gently for one hour. Put in half a pound of macaroni, and simmer till all is tender. Add seasoning to taste, and serve in a deep dish.

Whole Meal Bread. Mix a teaspoonful of salt with two pounds of flour (wheat meal) in a basin, dissolve one ounce of yeast in a pint of tepid water, pour this into the middle of the flour, and make into a light dough. Cover it with a clean cloth, and stand it in a warm place to rise (about one hour). When sufficiently risen, turn it on to a floured board, make it into three loaves, put them in floured tins, let them rise for half an hour in a warm place. Bake in a quick oven for about three quarters of an hour. This bread really requires no kneading.

Scotch Broth is an excellent and nourishing soup. Take one pound and a half to two pounds of scrag end of mutton, cut it up small, put it on the fire in two quarts of water. Carefully wash three ounces of pearl barley and add to the soup. Simmer gently for three hours and then add a cabbage, cut small. When the vegetables are cooked, the soup should be served. Add pepper and salt. The same soup may be made from the boilings of mutton without the addition of fresh meat. Scotsfolk cook their soups very slowly, which, of course, makes them good. (*Reply to* L. G.)

The Special Spring Double Number.

HOME NOTES, that charming little ladies' paper, for this week is the Special Spring Double Number, and with it is given away the paper pattern of a very smart blouse for a lady, a sketch of which is given in the margin. This issue of HOME NOTES contains the following features: Six full pages of illustrations of newest Spring Fashions; an interesting and useful article on Furniture and Furnishing, dealing with the smoking-room overmantel, etc.; invaluable hints on "Science and Health," and "Advice to Mothers," articles on Fancy Work, Cookery, Dressmaking, etc.; interesting Open Letters, a Fairy story and Puzzle for children, Illustrations by Hilda Cowham, etc. The price is 2d. per copy, and, as there is sure to be a great demand for it, you should send for your copies as early as possible.

When Polishing Furniture add a little vinegar to the polish; this will get rid of the dead, oily look so often noticed after cleaning furniture.

Savoury Rice is a very good dish for supper. Wash three ounces of rice and boil in half a pint of milk till tender, add pepper and salt to taste. Butter a pie-dish, spread half the rice in it, sprinkle one ounce of grated cheese (Parmesan, if possible) on it, add the rest of the rice, scatter over it some more cheese, put butter on the top in small pieces, and brown in a quick oven.

Macaroni Soup. This is an inexpensive and nourishing soup, and can be prepared at a short notice. Boil some macaroni for twenty minutes in slightly salted water, then strain it, and add to it three pints of stock, nicely flavoured with vegetables. Season with salt and pepper, and serve. The stock should be coloured a delicate brown.

Treat Carpets After Cleaning a Room as I do, and you will see very excellent results. Remove dust by means of a damp cloth. Put a spoonful of ammonia in half a bucket of warm water, and wipe the carpet with a cloth wrung out very dry from this water. Go evenly all over the carpet, but do not make it wet. By this method the dust is removed and the colours freshened, and every moth meets with sudden death.

Corned Beef Pie. Take some cold corned beef, remove the skin and fat, and chop it finely. Place in a basin, and moisten with a little good gravy, a tablespoonful of tomato sauce, and pepper to taste. Place a layer of tomatoes at the bottom of a pie-dish, then put in the meat. Cover the top with thin slices of pickled gherkin, and lastly with mashed potato to the depth of an inch, scoring the potato nicely across. Bake in a steady oven for half an hour. Serve at once.

To Loosen Glass Stoppers. There are several ways of doing this, but I have found this one superior to all others: Pour a little oil round the mouth of the bottle, and in an hour or two, if you cannot move the stopper, stand the whole bottle in warm water, remove it and gently tap the stopper on either side against glass, when you will find it will easily come out. To avoid the same thing happening again, be careful to twist the stopper round, as it fits into the mouth of the bottle. (*Reply to* S.W.)

To Pickle Ox Tongues (Wiltshire fashion). Rub the tongue for the first day with salt only, throw this away, wipe and place in the pickle, rubbing and turning it daily. It will be ready in three weeks, or may stay in it for six weeks if convenient. To prepare the pickle, mix together two ounces of saltpetre, two ounces of bay salt, one ounce of salt prunella, three handfuls of salt, one pound of treacle, and some cochineal. When boiling the tongue, drain it and wipe dry. Put into tepid water, bring to the boil, and cook very slowly for about two hours, or more if it is a large tongue. (*Reply to* MANOR PARK.)

A Genoa Cake made as follows, will be sure to give you satisfaction: Take one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of caster sugar, two ounces of mixed peel, ten ounces of sultanas, a teaspoonful of baking powder, three eggs into which are stirred half a wineglassful of brandy and half a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon. Dry the flour thoroughly and add it to the other dry ingredients. Cream the butter and sugar, then the eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately. Add gradually all the dry ingredients, and beat for a quarter of an hour. Bake from one hour and a half to two hours in a moderate oven. (*Reply to* MOSELY.)

Simnel Loaf. Rub eight lumps of sugar on the rinds of four oranges and pound them. Mix this with half a pound of almond meal or pounded almonds, half a teaspoonful each of ground allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg, a dessertspoonful of salt, and one pound of caster sugar. Beat to a cream one pound and a half of butter; beat the whites of eight eggs to a stiff froth. Add the butter, the yolks of eggs, one at a time, and then the whites; gradually add the flavourings as above, also two pounds of currants, one pound of cut candied peel, one pound and a half of sifted flour, and, lastly, one gill of brandy. Allow forty minutes for beating the cake, after preparing the butter and eggs. Have ready a sheet of paste made of flour and water, highly coloured with an infusion of saffron. Spread a pudding cloth, well scalded and floured, over a large basin, lay the paste over it to form a mould, pour in the mixture, secure it to the paste and cloth with pressure, remove it from the basin, and boil steadily for four hours. Remove the cloth, place the contents when nearly cold, smooth side uppermost, on a baking-tin, brush the paste with beaten egg, and bake in a slow oven till the paste is as hard as wood, but light in colour. (*Reply to* NEW READER.)

Isobel

ARE "PITY-MARRIAGES" PROSPEROUS?

A Problem for Those Who are Loved but Don't Love.

Is it wise to marry when all the love is on one side of the partnership and there is nothing but pity on the other?

Many a girl and not a few men have had to ask themselves the question, for Cupid does not always wound two hearts with one arrow, and the sight of a fruitless passion must always kindle a degree of sympathy in the heart of its object.

It is usually the woman who is loved without loving, and a woman is naturally pitiful. Indeed, an old proverb will have it that pity is the beginning of love, and sometimes it may be.

But, for all that, it is a frequent thing for a girl to know that, while she pities deeply the man who has grown to love her with the whole strength of his being, her own heart is more or less indifferent to him.

Knowing this, should she marry him? Probably, if she pities him enough to want to marry him for his own sake, she would make a great mistake not to do so.

A woman does not find it easy to pity, warmly and sincerely, a man whom she really dislikes. And though pity is not always the beginning of love, it is often an emotion in which a ripening love disguises itself.

A conscientious girl is especially liable to misunderstand her own feelings in this way.

Some women are excessively practical, not to say cold, and, contrasting their own calm regard of their wooer with his ardent attachment to them, conclude that they do not love him as he does them. But the difference may be one purely of temperament, and the instinct which they call pity may be in reality their own heart asserting itself through their habitual common-sense.

For such a girl to reject the man she pities in the hope of finding someone she could "love" is often to lose her one chance of happiness.

But even if a girl be certain that she does not love her wooer, and yet pities him so profoundly that she is inclined to say "Yes" to his pleadings, the sign is a good one.

Pity does not blind the judgment as love does, and the man whose passion a woman is obliged to regard with keen sympathy, has probably enlisted more of her esteem and trust than a lover for whom she might conceive a sudden and extravagant attachment.

Women bear disillusionment badly, and a love-marriage becomes a source of intolerable bitterness and suffering so soon as the proverbial gilt comes off the gingerbread.

Not only is the woman who marries out of pity less likely to be under any illusions as to the character and qualities of her husband, but she is likely to have a lover in him when women who married for love have almost forgotten that their husbands ever were their lovers.

It is one of Nature's curious laws that a man will be most constant to her from whom his love finds the least acknowledgment. Beautiful Miss Icicle is always the belle with the most loyal worshippers.

But when a woman loves deeply it is hard for her, prudent as it might be, to affect a coldness she does not feel. The woman who marries for pity need not affect the slight reserve that comes naturally to her under the circumstances, and that touch of reserve will be a charm to keep her husband's passion young.

This is not to say that a "pity-marriage" can be regarded as really prosperous which fails to end by being a love-match. But when it is the woman who has married out of pity, the odds are heavy that she will ultimately come to care whole-heartedly for her husband.

In this he (lucky fellow!) will enjoy the delicious experience of being fallen in love with by his own wife, an experience romantic enough to repay any amount of patience and affection.

It is when the one who pities without loving is the man, that a "pity-marriage" becomes a serious, nay, an almost fatal, risk.

Nature never intended that man should be the wooed but the wooer. What he can have for nothing—even though it be a loving woman's heart—he ends by esteeming lightly.

Nor is pity, in the case of a man, so serious an emotion as it is in that of a woman. Most masculine hearts are easily touched by feminine distress and even more easily flattered by a feminine preference.

Emotions so easily evoked and so selfish in their origin soon die, and if a man awakens from them to find that he has entered, while under their influence, into a life-long compact, he is in a position that will render his bonds not only irksome but galling.

Let the man who feels himself tempted to marry from pity—even a generous and high-minded pity—cast the temptation from him. One in a thousand such marriages on the part of men may be endurable, or possibly happy. But, as a rule, they lead to almost certain tragedy.

It is when the woman pities that the "pity-marriage" so often proves the gate to a peaceful prosperity and gently ripening romance.

HOLIDAYS FOR 1904.		1904. MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.
Good Friday	*April 1.*	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24	1 8 15 22 29
Easter Monday	*April 4.*	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	2 9 16 23 30
Whitsun Monday	*May 23.*	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24 31
Bank Holiday	*August 1.*	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	4 11 18 25
Christmas Day	*December 25.*	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	5 12 19 26
Boxing Day	*December 26.*	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	6 13 20 27
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KIDNEY DISEASE:

Why is it so Serious? Poisonous Waste is left in the Blood when the Kidneys are ill.

Every Sufferer should Write for a FREE SAMPLE BOX of

DOAN'S Backache Kidney PILLS.

Kidney disease is serious because it is so little understood. Many men and women do not know what the kidneys are, where they are, or what they are. Consequently, when any sign of kidney disease appears (such as backache, urinary troubles, puffy swellings, irregular heart, etc.), it is often mistaken for some other trouble, and the kidney complaint grows, unnoticed, into Bright's disease, diabetes, rheumatism, or dropsy.

The kidneys are situated just beneath the small of the back. They are bean-shaped organs, and are composed of thousands of delicate membranes. Their work is to filter the blood—to take out its waste and impurities. When the blood leaves the kidneys it is pure and sweet, taking health and new life to every organ of the body.

But when the kidneys are ill, the uric acid and other poisons are left in the blood, and this is how disease begins. The man or woman with any kidney trouble is being slowly poisoned.

The least sign of kidney disorder, therefore, however trifling it may seem to you, is a serious sign, for it shows that the kidneys are not keeping your blood pure. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are the result of years of careful research, and they are entirely for the kidneys. They drive out clogging impurities, ease the tired membranes, and build up the kidneys' strength. Men and women of all ages can place faith in this great kidney medicine. It is made from pure roots and herbs, and has been in use for 73 years. Safeguard your blood-filtering organs, and begin with the genuine Doan's Backache Kidney Pills when there is any such serious sign as urinary trouble, backache, dropsical swellings, dizzy spells, rheumatic pains, sciatica, nervousness, sleeplessness, impure blood, bad complexion, feebleness, or languor.

It will cost you nothing to try this great kidney medicine, for we are willing to send a *sample box free* to any reader who mentions this paper and encloses a penny stamp for postage. (See address below).

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But be careful to get the genuine Doan's backache kidney pills; if you have any difficulty, you may obtain them post free on receipt of price, direct from the proprietors, Foster-McClellan Co., 8 Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

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It is no longer necessary to undergo an operation for rupture, nor to wear too burdensome steel trusses. The best method of treatment is a home treatment, such as was used by Mr. F. Lambert, the oldest established Fish Merchant in Thirsk, who was cured of a double rupture of several years' standing. An extract from one of his letters says:—"I had suffered so much from a double rupture that I could not do a full day's work. My doctor told me I could not be cured, and obtained a truss for me, but it was useless. I then obtained a sample of the method of cure advertised by Dr. W. S. Rice (Dept. 1128), 8 and 9 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C. I was surprised and delighted at its effect—and after giving his method a thorough trial, I am perfectly cured. My friends are astonished to see me going about my work every day." Such a method of cure is of immense value to every ruptured person. The references that Dr. Rice gives to prove that his method will cure are indisputable. Write him for a description of this method and one of his samples, which he sends free upon application. Write him at once—to-day.

Mr. F. LAMBERT.

RUPTURE.

Dr. Pierce's Electric Truss is a Marvel. Nothing like it. Best Machine on earth and a Genuine Cure for Rupture. World-renowned. It improves manhood. If ruptured, send a stamp (any cent) for our "Bulletin No. 1."—Magnetic B. Truss Co., 10 City Road, London, E.C. Also New York, San Francisco, and Sydney. Mention this paper.

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Paterson's Camp Coffee

When you ask for

PATERSON'S "CAMP" COFFEE,

and are offered something else as better,

Don't You Believe It!

There's a bigger profit on the other—that's all.

I MENTIONED last week that the Easter Double Number will contain the opening chapters of a powerful new serial romance. This romance will be written by an author who is new to my readers, but whose work will unquestionably be pronounced to equal the best that has yet appeared in these columns. I don't think it necessary to say more about the story here, as it is best for you to judge for yourselves. All I wish to let you remember is that I am always on the look-out for brilliant new writers, and that whenever they are found, their best work is given to my readers.

SEVERAL competitors have written in connection with the Letter Juggling Contest to say that on page 771 of their Nuttall's Dictionary appear foreign and classical words and phrases, whereas, according to the conditions of the competition, it should contain the last words in the definitions. I take this opportunity of pointing out that the copies of the Dictionary to which these competitors refer are not those of Nuttall's Standard Dictionary, published by Messrs. F. Warne and Company, but of another edition, known as Nuttall's Pronouncing Dictionary, which, of course, is an entirely different publication.

"ON Easter morning," writes A. A. A., "my *fiancé* and I will be visiting a lady friend who has recently been married. I do not know her husband, and my *fiancé* knows neither my friend nor her husband. Which would be the correct way of introducing the parties?" ——— You will first present your *fiancé* to your lady friend. That being done, she will take her husband and present him in instalments, first to you, then to your *fiancé*. And you will all know each other.

THERE must be a number of other words in the English language besides *favourite* and *nefarious*, each containing all the vowels in the alphabet (a, e, i, o, and u), and a penknife will be given to each of the twenty-five readers who sends in the longest list of such words, all of which can be found in Nuttall's Standard Dictionary. Proper names are not allowed. In no word may any of the vowels be repeated. Lists, where possible, should be written on post-cards, and the total number of words must be stated plainly at the foot. All attempts to be addressed to THE ALL EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and sent so as to arrive not later than by first post on Thursday, March 24th. Picture post-cards, to be sent to the children's hospitals after judging, will be much appreciated.

NEMO writes me a letter, which is as true as it is sad. He says: "Twenty months ago, from pure misfortune and low prices, I was obliged to sell my retail business. Having done this, I had nothing left, and since then I have been unable to obtain a situation or employment of any kind, though willing to work at anything. I am fifty years of age, and have no friends in a position to help me. I was educated at a public school, and have been in business for myself all my life. Every situation I have applied for has been refused me when I have given my age as fifty. And yet my character is beyond question."——— I have reason to believe that this letter is absolutely genuine. It may serve to point out to others how difficult it is for a man in middle-age to get employment nowadays, no matter how good his credentials. In NEMO's case, however, I am not surprised that a man having been in business for himself all his life could scarcely be fitted for subordinate employment at his age. It is one of the penalties one pays for independence that one has to rely on oneself in adversity as well as prosperity. It serves to show how important it is for men in retail businesses to save money, as in such depressed times as these nobody knows what trade may be the next to suffer.

RESULT OF THE "ALTERNATIVE" COMPETITION.

A PENKNIFE has been sent to each of the following:

Miss M. McIlwraith, Oakhurst, Cedar Street, Southport; H. Fogerty, 21 Leinster Road, Rathmines, Dublin; T. H. Whitehead, 17 St. John's Square, Wolverhampton; Mrs. Leech, "Niwesa," Mayfield Road, Sanderstead, Surrey; J. O'Carroll, Clonganny, Clonevan, Gorey; F. W. Lovesey, 37 High Street, Ryde, I.of W.; Mrs. Ambrose, Frogwill Villa, Chippenham, Wilts; W. Hodgson, Stanley Place, Annan, N.B.; R. Auber, Downe Villa, Tring; Geo. Humphreys, 19 Colville Street, Nottingham; Mrs. Ellis, 28 Stirling Street, Alva, N.B.; J. Coombs, 41 Southwater Road, St. Leonards; S. M. Peace, Union Road, Thorne, Doncaster; Miss Campbell, 5 Kinnoull Street, Perth; W. Fetherstonhaugh, Donadea, Kilcock, Co. Kildare; W. Anderson, 22 Woodhey Road, Rock Ferry; A. McVitty, 84 Hill Street, Lurgan; W. Harmer, The People's Stores, Hollington, Hastings; Jas. Rankin, 42 Aviary Row, Armley, Leeds; G. W. Shotter, Brixton Gaol, S.W.; F. Masters, Belmont, St. Luke's Road, Maidstone; H. Rees, 16 Russell Street, Swansea; D. Deuchar, 12 Hope Terrace, Edinburgh; C. Herington, 49 Montague Road, Hounslow; Mrs Stanley, 30 Garturk Street, Govanhill, Glasgow.

Besses o' th' Barn Band.

Splendid Success of their Concerts for the F.A.F.

MUSIC has in one week provided more than 10,000 children with the delight of a day's summer outing! Such has been the splendid result of the series of concerts given in different parts of London by the famous Besses o' th' Barn band, at which no less than £406 4s. 5½d. was subscribed by the audiences. The average cost of each child's outing is ninepence, and there are over ten thousand ninepences in the sum collected.

The concerts have given enjoyment all round to all concerned. If the children have their pleasure to come, their benefactors have theirs to remember. For seldom has London produced more delighted audiences than those which thronged the Queen's Hall, the People's Palace, the Alexandra Palace, and the other centres where the concerts took place. A real musical treat was theirs, for of all the country's brass bands, none are more famous than the "Besses o' th' Barn." This Lancashire band is adjudged by experts to be the very finest combination in the country. It has secured over 100 special prizes, medals, cups, trophies of all kinds, taken at contests held all over the country. Its greatest of many triumphs was that of last year, when the band carried off the championship of the nation at the Crystal Palace, a trophy value one thousand guineas, secured against 100 competitors.

The admissions to the concerts were free, and in the week preceding the concerts, applications for seats poured into these offices by the thousand. Each Londoner was able to attend a concert in his own locality, whether north, south, east, or west. And the subscriptions of everybody, whether large or small, were alike appreciated, though the sums ranged from the modest halfpenny "down east," to the crisp "fiver" from the wealthier pockets of the west. As might be expected, the sum taken at the Queen's Hall, in Regent Street, was the highest, reaching £116 15s. 0½d. (there were halfpence there, too, it seems). London's northern resort, the Alexandra Palace, came next with £110 14s., whereas the People's Palace, in Mile End, subscribed the handsome sum of £50. The next in order were Kennington, St. Pancras, and Bermondsey.

A word in explanation of the curious name of the Champion Band, "Besses o' th' Barn." There are several legends explaining it, of which the following makes quite a pretty story, dating from the days of Dick Turpin. In 1747 an advertisement appeared in one of the newspapers convening a meeting of creditors "at Bessy's o' th' Barn." This was an old Lancashire hostelry, which was of barn-like appearance, and kept by a good-looking Lancashire lass named "Bess" or "Bessie." It used to be a stock saying in the district, "Let's go and see Bessie at th' Barn." There is another story, which traces the name to that of Dick Turpin's steed, called Black Bess, or "Bess o' th' Barn," which gave the village its name.

Which of these stories is accepted does not much matter—both are romantic enough. The Band itself is supposed to have originated 100 years ago, and their first prize was won in 1821, in playing in the procession at George IV.'s Coronation. Since then, their success has been almost uninterrupted. The present conductor, who has done much towards making the present great reputation of the Band, is Mr. Alexander Owen.

One of the happiest features of the Besses o' th' Barn concerts has been the extreme goodwill of other well-known bands.

Members of the Southwark Borough, Ealing Town, East Ham Military, Enfield Town Foresters, North London Temperance, North-London Excelsior, Greenwich Borough, and Stoke Newington Military bands all lent valuable assistance.

The Concerts start the F.A.F. year as auspiciously as we could wish. For we are on the eve of celebrating the realisation of having given a million children an outing since the formation of the Fund. Last year the total reached 900,000. A hundred thousand more must be taken to realise the stupendous figure of a million. Towards this the "Besses" Concerts provide 10,000.

We have to thank particularly the proprietors of the DAILY EXPRESS and the ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE for giving daily publicity to these concerts, and to Mr. J. Henry Iles, the manager of the Band, for his unremitting attention. To Mr. Iles is due the great success which attended the concerts, and valuable assistance was lent to him by the members of our own staff, including Mr. A. J. Stone, Mr. F. H. Legg, Mr. J. A. Ward, and Mr. A. E. Davey.

We wish, too, to warmly praise Mr. J. Lowndes, Mr. S. Pyatt, Mr. W. Bearley, Mr. H. Scott, Mr. Tom Bowling, Mr. R. Kay, and Mr. William Bogle for the solos which, as members of the Band, they played at the various halls.

READERS seem to think I stock everything up here. YOUTH actually writes: "Are there any lonely (? lovely) wealthy widows or elderly unmarried ladies who would care to take me under their wing? I would like to go to college, but there are several in the family, and no money."——— There is quite a number of widows, and lonely (? lovely) widows, but the lonely, lovely, and wealthy widow, YOUTH, does not usually have to go further than the end of the street to find somebody as anxious to win her as you are. Give up hoping for widows of any kind, and knuckle down like thousands of others to work for yourself. Surely, it is not very manly to wish to farm your career out to somebody else in such a way.

THE prize of £5 offered for the best children's story for THE LADY'S MAGAZINE has been awarded to Mrs. F. Reeks, Stanford, Lymington, Hants.

OWING to the pressure on our space in this issue, "The Great Liverpool Poisoning Cases"—the twenty-second article in the series "Thrice Told Tales"—is held over until next week.

REFERRING to names of parts of railway systems, G. G. informs me that the Circular Route of the London United Tramways, opened last year, at Hampton Court, by which trams travel by one route and return by another, is known by drivers and conductors as "looping the loop." So now our country cousins know what to ask for next time they want a continuous tram ride in West London.

F. T. M.—It is the essence of bad form to arrive late for a dinner. Guests should never reach the house more than five or ten minutes after the hour named on the card of invitation. A quarter of an hour's grace is usually allowed, so that an invitation for 7.30 means that dinner will be served at 7.45, but all guests are expected to arrive at latest by 7.40. When a party is made up, the hostess does not always care to give the sign for dinner to be served until all the guests are present, and it is extremely ill-mannered to keep everyone waiting. Besides, the dinner is quite likely to be ruined if not served at the time arranged.

THE new competition in SHORT STORIES has created an enormous amount of interest—more than any competition which has yet appeared in that paper. There is a certain fascination in endeavouring to decipher other people's signatures. This fascination seems to have gripped not only the regular readers of that paper, but thousands of those who have never before held it in their hands. If you are not either of these, then I am sure you have only to get a copy of the paper in order to find how really fascinating the contest is. SHORT STORIES costs a penny, and comes out every Tuesday.

£1,000 Insurance.

484 Claims already paid, including one of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1,000—not for one only. £1,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him or her at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not *by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger*, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

Subscribers, who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY, in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature .....

Available from 8 p.m., Thursday, March 17th, 1904, until Midnight, Friday, March 25th, 1904.

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A penknife will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

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Send us a post-card—the result will interest you—and we will send Catalogues of Gramophones and Records, and the name and address of the nearest dealer in our Gramophones, Gramophone Records, and genuine Gramophone Needles sold only in metal boxes with our trade mark picture, "His Master's Voice," on the lid. (No other Needles should ever be used for playing Gramophone Records.)

THE GRAMOPHONE AND TYPEWRITER LTD., 21 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

And at Berlin, Hanover, Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Brussels, Amsterdam, Milan, Lisbon, Sydney, Calcutta, Barcelona, Cape Town.

"My Weight was Increased 14 lbs. by the Use of Electro-Vigour,"

Writes W. HORDEN, 6 George Street, Mansfield Woodhouse, near Mansfield.

"I am very pleased to let you know that your Appliance has suited me. I feel better now than I have done for five or six years. I am as strong as ever, and, although I have only had ELECTRO-VIGOUR six weeks, I have gained a stone in weight. I shall not forget to recommend your Appliance, and you are at liberty to publish this letter."

If you have pains in your back, if you feel tired and listless, if you are nervous and weak, if you are growing old too soon, if you have lost the vigour and courage of youth, if you have Rheumatism, a weak stomach, or any evidence of breaking down, you are wasting time. Get the Dr. McLaughlin Co.'s ELECTRO-VIGOUR. We have cured over 50,000 weak, unhappy, broken-down people in the 22 years we have applied our

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